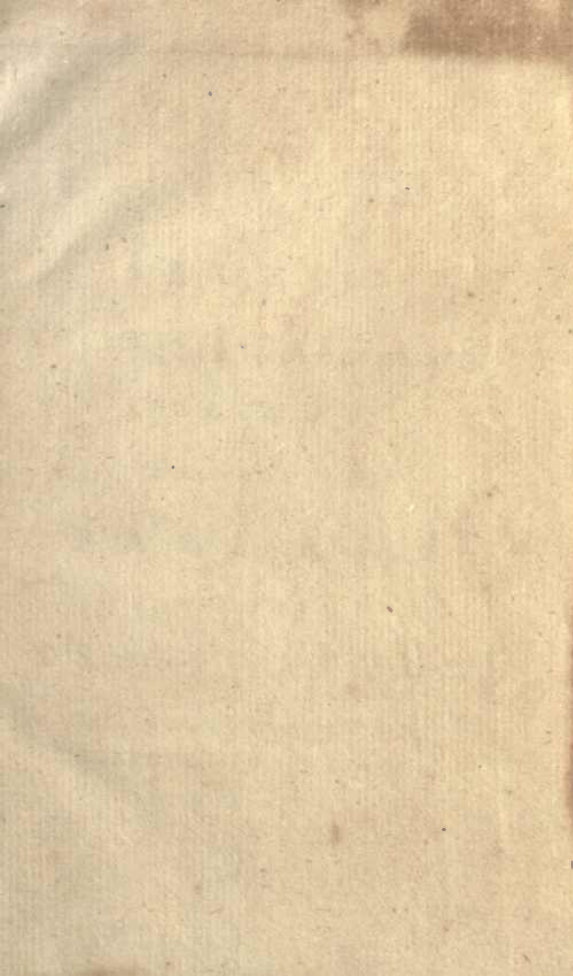
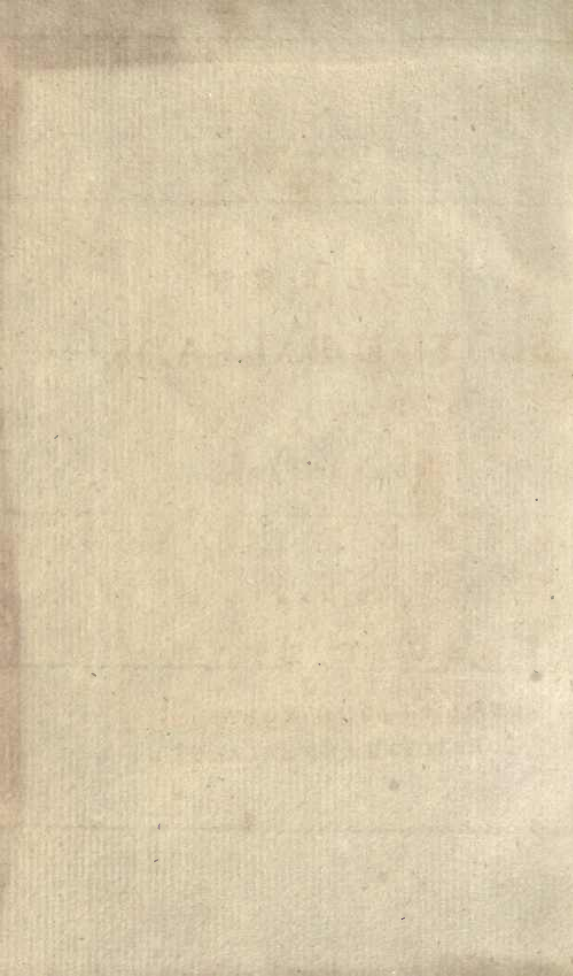


George Harrison.





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SCOTISH BALLADS.

VOLUME I.

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THE SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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SCOTTISH BALLADS

AND

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THE SECOND EDITION

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SCOTISH BALLADS,

AND SOME NOT HITHERTO MADE PUBLIC,

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TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

TWO DISSERTATIONS,

I. ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.

II. ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

JAMQUE SACRUM TENERIS VADEM VENERETUR AB ANNIS.

HARDY KNUTE

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BY JAMES HENRY

T O

H I S G R A C E

T H E

Duke of BUCCLEUGH.

MY LORD,

IT is with much pleasure I embrace this opportunity of testifying my sincere respect for YOUR GRACE's exalted character, as the friend and as the ornament of your country, by addressing these volumes to a name so much revered and beloved by the nation

whose poetry they are intended to preserve and to illustrate.

The chief compositions in this volume, MY LORD, will be found to breathe the living spirit of the Scottish people, a race of men who have left monuments of their martial glory in every country. YOUR GRACE, it is hoped, will with pleasure here recognise the noble ardour your example lately tended to revive, by raising and commanding in person a military force in defence of your country, at a period when her natives had not discernment to perceive, nor spirit to assume, the privileges of British subjects.

The second volume, MY LORD, contains chiefly pieces descriptive of rural merriment, and of love and domestic happiness. Even these, it is humbly believed, YOUR GRACE will not disdain; for it is well known that the felicity of the poor in general, and of your numerous tenants and dependants in particular,

particular, is regarded by YOUR GRACE as essential to your own. In reward, YOUR GRACE enjoys a domestic felicity now seldom or never known to the great, who are generally obliged to exchange the free enjoyment of true pleasure for the gaudy slavery of ostentation.

At a period when many of the British nobility are wasting their patrimonial estates in profligate dissipation ; men trained to arms in defence of their rights and liberties, villages beautified and rendered salubrious, and their inhabitants rendered happy, have been the monuments of expence of the DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

The silent gratitude of the poor will ever speak YOUR GRACE's praises with an expression unknown to the most exalted elocution ; and it were surely absurd for any writer to enlarge on what is the common subject
of

of conversation, and known to all; I shall not therefore any longer intrude on Your GRACE's patience.

That SCOTLAND may long consider Your GRACE as one of the best guardians of her liberty, and the living assertor of her ancient spirit, is the earnest wish of,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient Servant,

JOHN PINKERTON.

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DISSERTATIONS
ON THE
ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY,
AND ON
THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

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DISSERTATION I.

ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.

IT has long been a subject of regret, that the inventors of the fine Arts have by oblivion been deprived of the reputation due to their memory. Of the many realms which lay claim to their birth, Egypt seems to possess the preference. Yet, like the Nile, which animates that country, while they have diffused pleasure and utility over kingdoms, their origin remains hid in the most profound obscurity.

That poetry holds a distinguished superiority over all these sciences is allowed; yet the first practiser of this enchanting art has lost the renown it was designed to confer. We must either allow the contested claim of the Osiris of the Egyptians, and Apollo of the Greeks, or be content to withhold from any, the fame which indeed seems due to as many inventors as there are distinct nations in the world. For poetry appears not to

require

require the labour of disquisition, or aid of chance, to invent; but is rather the original language of men in an infant state of society in all countries. It is the effusion of fancy actuated by the passions: and that these are always strongest when uncontrouled by custom, and the manners which in an advanced community are termed polite, is evident. But the peculiar advantages, which a certain situation of extrinsic objects confers on this art, have already been so well illustrated by eminent critics *, that it is unnecessary here to remember them. I have besides noted a few such as immediately concern the compositions now under view in the subsequent Dissertation; and only propose here to give a brief account of the utility of the Oral Tradition of Poetry, in that barbarous state of society which necessarily precedes the invention of letters; and of the circumstances that conspired to render it easy and safe.

Among the Egyptians, probably the most ancient authors of the elegant, as well as useful sciences, we find that verses were originally used solely to preserve the laws of their princes, and sayings of their wise men from oblivion †. These were sometimes inscribed in their temples in their hieroglyphic character, but more

* Particularly Dr. Blackwell, in his *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*; and Dr. Blair, in his elegant *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*.

† Herodot. Diodor. Sicul. &c.

frequently only committed to the memory of the expounders of their Law, or disciples of their sages. Pythagoras, who was initiated in their secret science, conveyed in like manner his dictates to his disciples, as appears from the moral verses which pass under his name at this day. And though the authenticity of these may be questioned, yet that he followed this mode of bequeathing his knowledge to his followers, is proved from the consent of all antiquity *. Nay, before him, Thales composed in like manner his System of Natural Philosophy. And even so late as the time of Aristotle, the Laws of the Agathyrsi, a nation in Sarmatia, were all delivered in verse. Not to mention the known laws of the Twelve Tables, which, from the fragments still remaining of them, appear to have consisted of short rhythmic sentences.

From laws and religion poetry made an easy progress to the celebration of the Gods and Heroes, who were their founders. Verses in their praise were sung on solemn occasions by the composers, or bards themselves. We meet with many before Homer, who distinguished themselves by such productions. Fabricius † has enumerated near seventy whose names have reached our times. That immortal author had the advantage of

* Jamblichus de vita Pythag. *passim*; and particularly *lib. I. cap. 15. and 25.*

† In Bibliotheca Græca, *tom. I.*

hearing their poems repeated; and was certainly indebted to his predecessors for many beauties which we admire as original. That he was himself an ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, or Minstrel, and sung his own verses to the lyre, is shown by the admirable author of the Enquiry into his Life and Writings *. Nor were his poems rescued from the uncertain fame of tradition, and committed to writing till some time after his death †.

Such was the utility of the poetic tradition among the more polished nations of antiquity: and with those they denominated Barbarians we find it no less practised ‡. The Persians had their Magi, who preserved, as would seem in this way, the remarkable events of former times, and in war went before the army singing the praises of their illustrious men, whom the extraordinary gratitude and admiration of their countrymen had exalted into Deities. If they gained the victory, the Song of Triumph recorded the deeds of those who had fallen, and by their praises animated the ambition of those who enjoyed the conquest to farther acts of valour. The latter custom

* Sect. VIII.

† Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. xiii. c. 14.

‡ The reader, who would desire more intelligence on this head, may consult a curious *Dissertation on the Monuments which supplied the Defect of Writing among the first Historians*, by the Abbé Anselm, in *Les Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, &c.

was in use still more anciently among the Jews, as appears from the songs of Moses * and Deborah † preserved in Sacred Writ.

The Druids of Gaul and Britain afford a noted instance ‡. Such firm hold did their traditions take of the memory, that some of them are retained in the minds of their countrymen to this very day §. The

* Exod XV.

† Judges V.

‡ Et Bardi quidem fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus, cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt. *Anonian. Marcell. lib. xvi.*

§ Atque horum (Bardorum seu Druidarum) cantiones, aut ad similitudinem potius earundem fictæ etiamnum aliquæ extant *die Meißler Gesänge*, sed recentiores pleræque, nec vel quingentos annos excedentes. *Bessel. in notis ad Eginbart. Traject. 1711, p. 130.* Nonnulli eruditi viri observarunt veterem illam Gallorum consuetudinem (*scil. visci sacrum usum apud druidas*) etiam nunc multis Galliæ locis retineri, cum anni initio clamitant, *Au guy l'an neuf. i. e. Ad viscum; annus novus. Hotoman. ad Cæs. l. 6.* Druydes vero Heduorum, qui tunc habitabant in quodam loco, hodiernis temporibus Mons druidum dictus, distans a nostra civitate Heduenæ per unum milliare ubi adhuc restant vestigia loci habitationis eorum, utebantur pro eorum armis anguibus in campo azureo; habebant etiam in parte superiore ramum visci quercinei (*ung rameau de guyg de chafne*) et in parte inferiore unum cumulum parvorum anguium seu serpentium argenteorum quasi tunc nascentium, qui vulgo dicitur, *coubec de serpent d'argent. Chasseneux Catalogi Gloriæ mundi, 1529, folio verso 26.*

Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, had no other mode of commemorating the transactions of past times than by verse. The brave actions of their ancestors were always sung as an incentive to their imitation before they entered into combat. The like we read of the ancient Goths *, those destroyers of all literature, who yet possessed greater skill in the fine arts than is commonly ascribed to them. From them this custom passed to their descendants the inhabitants of the Northern regions, many animated specimens of whose traditional poetry have been preserved to our times † and quoted by their modern historians as uncontrollable vouchers; as the Arabian historians refer for the truth of many events to the Spanish romances, saved in like manner by tradition for many ages, many of which are of very remote antiquity, and abound with the higher beauties of poetry ‡. Traditional verses are to this day a favourite amusement of the Mahometan nations; though, instead of recording the illustrious actions of their real heroes, they chaunt the fabled exploits of

* Jornand. See *Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*.

† See the *Histories of Saxo Grammat. Jo. Magnus, Torfæus, &c. passim*; and Dr. Percy's *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*.

‡ *Hist. de las guerras civiles de Granada*. A most beautiful imitation of their manner may be found among the Poems of Voiture. The Spanish word *Romançe* seems now applied to any short lyric tale on whatever subject. We find in Gongora, their most eminent poet, *Romances Amorosos, y Burlescos*.

Buhalul their Orlando *, or the yet more ridiculous ones of their Prophet †. From them it would appear that rime, that great help to the remembrance of traditional poetry, passed to the Troubadours of Provence; who from them seem also to have received the spirit and character of their effusions. Like them, they composed amorous verses with delicacy and nature; but when they attempted the sublimer walk of the Heroic Song, their imagination was often bewildered, and they wandered into the contiguous regions of the incredible and absurd ‡.

In proportion as Literature advanced in the world, Oral Tradition disappeared. The venerable British Bards were in time succeeded by the Welsh Beirdd §,

* Huet, Lettre à Monsieur Segrais, sur l'origine des Romans, p. LXVII. edit. d'Amst. 1715.

† Historiale description de l'Afrique, écrite de notre temps par Jean Leon, African, premièrement en langue Arabesque, puis en Toscane, et à present mise en François—En Anvers, 1556. lib. III. p. 175.

A curious specimen of the Eastern religious poetry may be seen in Sir John Chardin's Voyage to Persia, vol. I.

‡ Huet, ubi supra, p. LXX. Ermengarde vicomtesse de Narbonne—L'accueil favorable qu'elle fit aux Poëtes Provençaux, a fait croire qu'elle tenoit cour d'amour dans son Palais, mourut 1194. Almanach Historique de Languedoc, à Toulouse, 1752, p. 277. See Hist. Liter. des Troub. Paris, 1774. Translations of Provençal Sirventes, and an imitation of the Provençal Heroic Romanze, may be found in a volume lately published by Mr. Dilly, intituled, RIMES. Odes, Book II. Odes, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. 16.

§ History of Wales, by Caradoc of Llancarvan, &c. 1702. p. 159

whose principal occupation seems to have been to preserve the genealogy of their patrons, or at times to amuse them with some fabulous story of their predecessors sung to the harp or crowd *, an instrument which Griffith ap Conan, King of Wales, is said to have brought from Ireland, about the beginning of the twelfth century.

In like manner, among the Caledonians, as an ingenious writer † acquaints us, “ Every chief in process
“ of time had a bard in his family, and the office be-
“ came hereditary. By the succession of these bards the
“ poems concerning the ancestors of the family were
“ handed down from generation to generation; they
“ were repeated to the whole clan on solemn occa-
“ sions, and always alluded to in the new composi-
“ tions of the bards.” The successors of Ossian were at length employed chiefly in the mean office of preserving fabulous genealogies, and flattering the pride of their chieftains at the expence of truth, without

* This is the instrument meant in the following verses of Ven. Fortunatus, lib. vii.

Romanusque lyra plaudat tibi, barbarus harpa,
Græcus Achilliaca, Crotta Britannia canat.

See more of the Harp in War. Antiq. Hibern. cap. 22. And Mr. Evans, Dissert. de Bardis, p. 80.

† Mr. Macpherson, in his Dissertation on the Era of Ossian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

even

even fancy sufficient to render their inventions either pleasing or plausible. That order of men, I believe, is now altogether extinct; yet they have left a spirit of poetry in the country where they flourished *; and Ossian's harp still yields a dying sound among the wilds of Morven.

Having thus given a faint view of the progress of the Oral Tradition of Poetry to these times †, I proceed to shew what arts the ancient bards employed to make their verses take such hold of the memory of their countrymen, as to be transmitted safe and entire without the aid of writing for many ages. These may be considered as affecting the passions and the ear. Their mode of expression was simple and genuine. They of consequence touched the passions truly and effectively. And when the passions are engaged, we listen with avidity to the tale that so agreeably affects them; and remember it again with the most prompt facility. This may be observed in children, who will forget no circumstance of an interesting story, more especially if striking or dreadful to the fancy; when they cannot remember a short maxim which only occupies the judgement. The passions of men have been and will be the same through all ages. Poetry is the sovereign of the passions, and will reign while they

* See Martin's, and other Descriptions of the Western Isles, *passim*.

† For an account of the more modern minstrels see Dr. Percy's Dissertation, which is so complete that it leaves nothing to add.

exist. We may laugh at Sir Isaac Newton, as we have at Descartes; but we shall always admire a Homer, an Ossian, or a Shakspeare.

As the subjects of these genuine painters of nature deeply interested the heart, and by that means were so agreeable and affecting, that every hearer wished to remember them; so their mode of constructing their verse was such, that the remembrance was easy and expeditious. A few of their many arts to aid the memory I shall here enumerate.

I. Most of these Oral poems were set to music, as would appear, by the original authors themselves. That this was the custom so early as the days of Homer, may be seen in the excellent author formerly adduced*. How should we have been affected by hearing a composition of Homer or Ossian sung and played by these immortal masters themselves! With the poem the air seems to have passed from one age to another; but as no musical compositions of the Greeks exist, we are quite in the dark as to the nature of these. I suppose that Ossian's poetry is still recited to its original cadence and to appropriated tunes. We find, in an excellent modern writer†, that this mode of singing poetry to the harp was reckoned an accomplishment so late as among the Saxon Ecclesiastics. The ancient

* Enquiry, &c. Sect. VIII.

† Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry.

music was confessedly infinitely superior to ours in the command of the passions. Nay, the music of the most barbarous countries has had effects that not all the sublime pathos of Corelli, or animated strains of Handel, could produce. Have not the Welsh, Irish, and Scottish tunes, greater influence over the most informed mind at this day than the best Italian concerto? What Modern refined music could have the powers of the *Rance de Vaches* * of the Swiss, or the melancholy sound of the Indian Bansha †? Is not the war-music of the rudest inhabitants of the wilds of America or Scotland more terrible to the ear than that of the best band in the British army? Or, what is still more surprizing, will not the softer passions be more inflamed by a

* See Rousseau, *Dict. de Musique, sur cette article*. Though the Swiss are a brave nation, yet their dance, which corresponds to the *Rance des Vaches*, is, like their others, rather expressive of an effeminate spirit. ‘Les dances des Suisses consistent en un continuel trainement de Jambe, ces pas repondoient mal au courage ferme de cette nation. Coquillart en son Blazon des armes, et des dames.’

‘Les Escossoys sont les repliques,
 ‘Pragois et Bretons bretonnans,
 ‘Les Suisses dancent leurs Morelques,
 ‘A tous leurs tabourins sonnans.’

Monf. L. D. Notes à Rabelais, Tom. IV. p. 164. 1725.

† See Grainger's *Proso-poetic Account of the Culture of the Sugar-cane*, Book IV.

Turkish

Turkish air than by the most exquisite effort of a polite composer? as we learn from an elegant writer *, whom concurring circumstances rendered the best judge that could be imagined of that subject. The harmony therefore of the old traditional songs possessing such influence over the passions, at the same time that it rendered every expression necessary to the ear, must have greatly recommended them to the remembrance.

II. Besides musical cadence, many arts were used in the versification to facilitate the rehearsal. Such were :

1. The frequent returns of the same sentences and descriptions expressed in the very same words. As for instance, the delivery of messages, the description of battles, &c. of which we meet with infinite examples in Homer, and some, if I mistake not, in Ossian. Good ones may be found in Hardy knute, Part I. v. 123, &c. compared with part II. v. 107, &c. and in Child Maurice, v. 31, with v. 67; and innumerable such in the ancient Traditional Poetry of all nations. These served as land marks, in the view of which the memory travelled secure over the intervening spaces. On this head falls likewise to be mentioned what we call The Burden, that is, the unvaried repetition of one or more lines fixing the tone of the poem throughout the whole. That this is very ancient among the barbaric nations, may be gathered from the known Song of Regner

* Letters of Lady M. W. Montague, XXXIII.

Lodbrog, to be found in Olaus Wormius*; every stanza of which begins with one and the same line. So many of our ballads, both ancient and modern, have this aid to the memory, that it is unnecessary to condescend on any in particular.

2. Alliteration was before the invention of rhyme greatly used, chiefly by the nations of Northern origin, to assist the remembrance of their traditional poetry. Most of the Runic methods of versification consisted in this practice. It was the only one among the Saxon poets, from whom it passed to the English and Scottish †. When rhyme became common, this which
was

* Regner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, flourished in the Ninth Century.

† See Hickes, *Ling. Vet. Sept. Thes.* c. 23. From the Saxons he observes, that the author of *Pierce Plowman* drew this practice, c. 21. This poem was written about 1350. There is a remarkable similarity in its style and manner with those very curious pieces of ancient Scottish poetry, styled The Prophecies of Thomas Rhymer, Marvellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltraine, Bannister, and Sybilla, printed at Edinburgh in 1615, and reprinted from that edition, 1742, 8vo. It is very surprising that the respectable editor of *Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, 1568. *Edin.* 1770, seems to regard these as not more ancient than the time of Queen Mary. His reasons are only founded on the modern appearance of some particular passages. That they have been modernized and corrupted, I will readily allow;

was before thought to constitute the sole difference between prose and verse, was still regarded as an accessory

allow; but that they are on the main nearly as ancient as Rymer's time, who died about the beginning of the 14th Century, I believe the learned must confess from intrinsic evidence, in such cases the force of all. Not to mention that Sir David Lindsay, who wrote in the reign of James V. is an undoubted witness that they must be more ancient than this eminent Antiquary would infer. For in enumerating the methods he took to divert that prince while under his care in his infancy, after condescending on some risible circumstances, as

When thou wast young I bare thee in my arm
 Full tenderly till thou began to gang;
 And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
 With lute in hand than sweetly to thee sang,
 Sometime in dancing fiercely I sang,
 And sometimes playing fairies on the flure,
 And sometimes of mine office taking cure.
 And sometimes like a seind transfigure,
 And sometimes like a greefy ghost of gay,
 In divers forms oft times disfigure, &c.

He adds,

The Prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin,
 And many other pleasant history
 Of the red Erin, and Gyre Carlin,
 Comforting thee when that I saw thee fory.

Epistle to the King, prefixed to his Dream.

They

fary grace, and was carried to a ludicrous length by some poets of no mean rank in both nations. So late

They begin thus:

Merling says in his book, who will read right,
Although his sayings be uncouth, they shall be true found,
In the seventh chapter read who so will,
One thousand and more after Christ's birth.
Then the Chalnaler of Cornwall is called,
And the wolf out of Wales is vanquished for aye,
Then many ferlies shall fall, and many folk shall die.

This exordium is evidently retouched by a modern hand.—But very many of the passages seem to stand in their original form, as the following lines, which are all in the Saxon manner, will testify:

And derfly dung down without any doome—
A proud prince in the preis lordly shall light,
With bold Barons in bushment to battle shall wend.—
There shall a galyart goat with a golden horn.—

And many similar. That prophecy which bears the name of Thomas Rymer is not destitute of poetic graces. It opens with the following lines:

Still on my ways as I went
Out through a land beside a lee,
I met a bairn upon the bent*,
Methought him seemly for to see,

* Modernized way, though against the rhyme.

late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find the following lines in a court poet :

Princes puff'd; barons blustered; lords began lowr,
Knights storm'd; squires startled, like steeds in a stowr;
Pages and yeomen yelled out in the hall*.

And William Dunbar, the chief of the old Scottish poets, begins a copy of verses to the King thus,

Sanct Salvator send silver sorrow †.

I asked him wholly his intent;
Good Sir, if your will be,
Since that ye bide upon the bent,
Some uncouth tidings tell you me:
When shall all these wars be gone?
That leil men may live in lee;
Or when shall Fafchude go from home,
And Lawtie blow his horn on hie?
I looked from me not a mile,
And saw twa knights upon a lee, &c.

I imagine, however, they are all the composures of one hand; and, if I may use a conjecture, were written immediately after the visions of Pierce Plowman, every English poem of note in those days being soon succeeded by an imitation in Scotland.

* *King Ryence's Challenge*, in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Vol. III. p. 27.

† Bannatyne's *Scottish Poems*, p. 68.

III. But the greatest assistance that could be found to the tradition of poetry was derived from the invention of rime; which is far more ancient than is commonly believed. One of the most learned men this age has produced *, has shewn that it is common in Scripture. All the Psalms consist of riming verses, and many other passages which he names. They were used among the Greeks so early as the time of Gorgias the Sicilian, who taught the Athenians this practice. And though the spirit of the Greek and Latin languages did not always admit of them in poetry, yet they were used as occasional beauties by their most celebrated writers. Homer, Hesiod, and Virgil, have a few, though apparently more from chance than design. The ancient Saturnine verses were all rimes, as an old commentator † informs us. And it is more than probable they were so constructed merely that the memory might the more easily preserve them, their licence forbidding their being committed to writing. Those who would wish to know more particularly the universality of this mode of versifying among the other ancient nations, may consult the *Huetiana* of the most learned and respectable Bishop of Avranches ‡. The Eastern poetry consists altogether, if I mistake not, of riming lines, as may be observed in the specimens of Hafiz their most

* Le Clerc, Biblioth. Universelle, tom. IX.

† Servius ad Georg. II. ver. 386.

‡ Sect. 78.

illustrious writer, lately published *. It appears, however, that alliteration supplied the place of rime with the Northern nations till within a recent period †. Ossian's poetry, I suppose, is in stanzas something like our ballad measure; though it were to be wished the translator had favoured us with some information on this head evidenced by specimens of the original. He indeed acquaints us that "Each verse was connected with those which preceded, or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest ‡:" but this stands greatly in need of explanation.

The common ballad stanza is so simple, that it has been used by most nations as the first mode of constructing rimes. The Spanish romances bear a great resemblance in this, as in other respects, to the Scottish Ballads. In both, every alternate line ends with similar vowels, though the consonants are not so strictly attended to. As for instance, in the former we have *bana, espada; mala, palabra; vega, cueva; rompan, volcanos*; for rimes: and in the later, *miadli, girdle; keep, bleed; Buleighan, tak him*; &c. The English, even in the ruder pieces of their first minstrels, seem to have

* Jones, Comment. Poeseos Asiaticæ—Richardson's Specimen of Persian Poetry.

† Ol. Worm. Lit. Run. p. 165 & 176.

‡ Dissert. on the Era of Ossian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

paid more attention to the correspondence of their consonants, as may be observed in the curious Collection published by Dr. Percy.

As the simplicity of this stanza rendered it easy to the composer, and likewise more natural to express the passions, so it added to the facility of recollection. Its tone is sedate and slow. The rimes occur seldom, and at equal distances: though when a more violent passion is to be painted, by doubling the rimes, they at once expressed the mind better, and diversified the harmony. Of this the reader will observe many instances in this collection, as, *Here maun I lie, here maun I die: Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht: Na river heir, my dame! deir: &c.* and, to give a very solemn movement to the cadence, they sometimes tripled the rime, an instance of which may be observed in the first stanza of Child Maurice.

When all the circumstances here hinted at are considered, we shall be less apt to wonder, that, by the concurrence of musical air, retentive arts in the composition, and chiefly of rime, the most noble productions of former periods have been preserved in the memory of a succession of admirers, and have had the good fortune to arrive at our times pure and uncorrupted.

DISSERTATION II.

ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

THAT species of poetry which we denominate Ballad, is peculiar to a barbarous period. In an advanced state of arts, the Comic Ballad assumes the form of the Song or Sonnet, and the Tragic or Heroic Ballad that of the higher Ode.

The cause of our pleasure in seeing a mournful event represented, or hearing it described, has been attempted to be explained by many critics *. It seems to arise from the mingled passions of Admiration of the art of the author, Curiosity to attend the termination, Delight arising from a reflection on our own security, and the Sympathetic Spirit.

* Aristotle, Scaliger, Dubos, Trapp in his *Prælections*, Hume, *Essay on Tragedy*; but, above all, Mr. Burke in his *Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*.

In giving this pleasure, perhaps the Tragic Ballad yields to no effort of human genius. When we peruse a polished Tragedy or Ode, we admire the art of the author, and are led to praise the invention; but when we read an unartful description of a melancholy event, our passions are more intensely moved. The laboured productions of the informed composer resemble a Greek or Roman temple; when we enter it, we admire the art of the builder. The rude effusions of the Gothic Muse are like the monuments of their Architecture. We are filled with a religious reverence, and, forgetting our praise of the contriver, adore the present deity.

I believe no Tragic Ballad of renowned Antiquity has reached our times, if we deny the beautiful and pathetic *CARMEN DE ATY* in Catullus a title to this class; which, as a modern critic of note has observed *, seems a translation from some Greek *Dithyrambic* †, far more ancient than the times of that poet. His translation of Sappho's Ode might shew that he took a delight in the ancient Greek compositions, from which indeed he seems to have derived in a great measure his peculiarly delicate vein.

* Essay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 324. 3d ed.

† The *Dithyrambics* were Heroic Songs, written with the highest glow of poetic fancy in honour of the ancient deities. Aristotle informs us, that the Greek Tragedy originated from them; as their Comedy did from their Pastoral Love Songs.

But it was with the nations in a state of barbarity that this effusion of the heart flourished as in it's proper soil; their societies, rude and irregular, were full of vicissitudes, and every hour subject to the most dreadful accidents. The Minstrels, who only knew, and were inspired by the present manners, caught the tale of mortality, and recorded it for the instruction and entertainment of others. It pleased by moving the passions, and, at the same time, afforded caution to their auditors to guard against similar mis-adventures.

It is amusing to observe how expressive the poetry of every country is of its real manners. That of the Northern nations is ferocious to the highest degree. Nor need we wonder that those, whose laws obliged them to decide the most trifling debate with the sword*, delighted in a vein of poetry, which only painted deeds of blood, and objects horrible to the imagination. The ballad poetry of the Spaniards is tinged with the romantic gallantry of the nation. The hero is all complaisance; and takes off his helmet in the heat of combat, when he thinks on his mistress. That of the English is generous and brave. In their most noble ballad, Percy laments over the death of his

* Frotho etiam III. Danorum rex, quemadmodum Saxo, lib. V. refert, de qualibet controversia ferre decerni sanxit: speciosius viribus quam verbis, configendum existimans. *Schedius de diis Ger. Syng.* II. c. 46.

mortal foe. That of the Scots is perhaps, like the face of their country, more various than the rest. We find in it the bravery of the English, the gallantry of the Spanish, and I am afraid in some instances the ferocity of the Northern.

A late writer * has remarked, that, “ the Scottish
 “ tunes, whether melancholy or gay, whether amorous,
 “ martial, or pastoral, are in a style highly original,
 “ and most feelingly expressive of all the passions from
 “ the sweetest to the most terrible.” He proceeds,
 “ Who was it that threw out those dreadful wild ex-
 “ pressions of distraction and melancholy in *Lady Cul-*
 “ *ross’s Dream?* an old composition, now I am afraid
 “ lost, perhaps because it was almost too terrible for
 “ the ear.”

This composition is neither lost, nor is it too terrible for the ear. On the contrary, a child might hear it repeated in a winter night without the smallest emotion. A copy † of it now lies before me, and as some
 curiosity

* Miscellanies by John Armstrong, M. D. vol. II. p. 254.

† It is intitled, “ A Godly Dream compiled by Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culross younger, at the request of a friend.” Edinburgh, 1737, 12mo. p. 20. It is either reprinted from some former edition, or from a MS. It was written, I conjecture, about the end of the Sixteenth Century; but in this edition I suspect several expressions are modernized and altered to accommodate it to the common capacity.

curiosity may have been raised by the above remark, I shall here give an account of it. The dreadful and melancholy of this production are solely of the religious kind, and may have been deeply affecting to the enthusiastic at the period in which it was written: It begins thus;

Upon a day as I did mourn full sore,
For sundry things wherewith my soul was grieved,
My grief increased, and grew more and more,
I comfort fled, and could not be relieved;
With heaviness my heart was sore mischieved,
I loathed my life, I could not eat nor drink,
I might not speak, nor look to none that lived,
But mused alone, and diverse things did think.

This wretched world did so molest my mind,
I thought upon this false and iron age,
And how our hearts are so to vice inclined,
That Satan seems most fearfully to rage,
Nothing on earth my sorrow could assuage,
I felt my sin so strongly to increase;
I grieved the spirit was wont to be my pledge;
My soul was plunged into most deep distress.

The lady Culross here meant was Elizabeth daughter of Sir James Melvil of Halhill, and wife of John Colvil Commendator of Culross. She is believed to have been the mother of Samuel Colvil the satyrical poet, author of the Scots Hudibras, &c.

Her

Her Saviour is then supposed to appear in a dream,
and lead her through many hair-breadth scapes into
Heaven:

Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghast,
He bare me up when I began to tire;
Sometimes we clamb oer cragie mountains high;
And sometimes stayed on ugly braes of sand,
They were so stay that wonder was to see;
But when I feared, he held me by the hand.—
Through great deserts we wandered on our way.—
Forward we past on narrow bridge of tree,
Oer waters great which hideously did roar, &c.

The most terrible passage to a superstitious ear, is
that in which she supposes herself suspended over the
Gulph of Perdition:

Ere I was ware, one gripped me at last,
And held me high above a flaming fire.
The fire was great, the heat did pierce me fore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was very small.
I trembled fast, my fear grew more and more.
My hands did shake that I held him withall,
At length they loosed, then I began to fall, &c.

At length she arrives in view of the Heavenly mansions in a stanza, which, to alter a little her own expression, * Glisters with *insel*.'

I looked up unto that castle fair
Glistening with gold ; and shining silver bright
The stately towers did mount above the air ;
They blinded me they cast so great a light,
My heart was glad to see that joyful sight,
My voyage then I thought it not in vain,
I him besought to guide me there aright,
With many vows never to tire again.

And the whole concludes with an exhortation to a pious life.

But what has the Christian religion to do with poetry? In the true poetic terrible, I believe, some passages in Hardyknute yield to no attempt of a strong and dark fancy. The Ballad styled Edward may, I fear, be rather adduced as an evidence that this displeases, when it rises to a degree of the horrible, which that singular piece certainly partakes of.

The Pathetic is the other principal walk of the Tragic Muse : and in this the Scottish Ballads yield to no compositions whatever. What can be imagined more moving than the catastrophes of Ossian's Dardula, the most pathetic of all poems? or of Hardyk-

nute, Child Maurice, and indeed most of the pieces now collected? Were ever the feelings of a fond mother expressed in a language equal in simplicity and pathos to that of lady Bothwell?—This leads me to remark, that the dialect in which the Scottish Ballads are written gives them a great advantage in point of touching the passions. Their language is rough and unpolished, and seems to flow immediately from the heart *. We meet with no conceit or far-fetched thoughts in them. They possess the pathetic power in the highest degree, because they do not affect it; and are striking, because they do not meditate to strike.

Most of the compositions now offered to the public, have already received approbation. The mutilated Fragment of Hardyknute formerly in print, was admired and celebrated by the best critics. As it is now, I am inclined to think, given in it's original perfection, it is certainly the most noble production in this style that ever appeared in the world. The manners and characters are strongly marked, and well preserved; the incidents deeply interesting; and the catastrophe new and affecting. I am indebted for most of the stanzas, now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire.

* Ὁ γὰρ ὄγκος διὰ τὸ ἐξ ἐπιτηδεύσεων ἅτας ἀνθοποιήτων.

A modern lyric poet of the first class * has pronounced Child Maurice a Divine Ballad. “Aristotle’s best rules,” says he, “are observed in it in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle.” Indeed if any one will peruse Aristotle’s Art of Poetry with Dacier’s Elucidations, and afterwards compare their most approved rules with this simple Ballad, he will find that they are better illustrated by this rude effort of the Gothic Muse, than by the most exquisite Tragedy of ancient or modern times. The Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, the Athalie of Racine, the Merope of Maffei, and even the very excellent Drama, which seems immediately founded on it, not excepted; there being many delicate strokes in this original, which the plot adopted by that author forbade his making proper use of. This does honour at once to the unknown composer of this Ballad, and to the first of critics. In the former the reader will admire a genius, that, probably untracked by erudition, could produce a story corresponding to the intricate though natural rules of the Greek author. To the latter will be readily confirmed the applause of an ancient †, that, he was the secretary of Nature, and his pen was ever dipped in good sense.

* Mr. Gray. See his Letters published by Mr. Mason. Sect. IV. Let. XXV.

† Apud Suidam.

These, and the other monuments of ancient Scottish Poetry, which have already appeared, are in this edition given much more correct; and a few are now first published from tradition. The Editor imagined they possessed some small beauties, else they would not have been added to this Selection. Their seeming antiquity was only regarded as it enhanced their real graces.

MDCCLXXVI *.

* These Dissertations, &c. were written of this date, but slight additions have been made to them from time to time; as the reader will observe from references to books published since that period.

HAVING in the First of the foregoing Dissertations mentioned with applause the Spanish Ballads, or Romanzes, contained in the HISTORIA DE LAS GUERRAS CIVILES DE GRANADA, and that book being seldom to be met with, and written in a language of no wide study, the Editor has been induced to give a few translations from that work ; the two which Dr. Percy has published having rather excited than gratified curiosity.

Before producing these translations, it may be proper to give some short account of the work whence they are taken. The History of the Civil Wars of Granada is a well-written narration of those dissensions which tore that kingdom in pieces, for some years before the period that Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Christian Spain, conquered it, down to the time of conquest. The chief sources of those dissensions were the two great *Vandos*, or factions, of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages ; whose exploits and adventures, with those of their adherents, are here displayed with a minute detail that favours very strongly of romance, though the great outlines of the work are evidently founded on historical truth ; which, if the
reader

reader pleases, is indeed only another name for a certain species of romance.

This History, as we learn from the work itself towards the close, is a translation from the Arabic of an anonymous Moor, who fled to Africa with many of his countrymen, when Granada was yielded to the arms of Ferdinand. His grandson, by name Argutaafa, found this work among his grandfather's papers, and presented it to a Jew, called Rabbi Santo, who translated it into Hebrew; and gave the Arabic Original to Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Conde de Baylen. That lord being interested by it, as his ancestors had been concerned in the wars there related, ordered the Jew to translate it into Castilian Spanish; and afterwards gave the translation to the Spanish editor, whose name from the first edition, Barcelona printed by Seb. Matevad, 1610, appears to be Ginez Perez.

On almost every occasion the author produces some romanze, as the voucher of his incidents, translations of a few of which shall now be produced. It must, however, be premised, that the first translation is merely meant to convey to the reader an idea of the verse in which most of the originals are written; for which purpose one of the feeblest was chosen; as, had strength of thought or incident been attempted in this way, the spirit would have totally evaporated in the midst of attention to the double rimes, of which the English language is remarkably penurious:

ROMANZE

R O M A N Z E I.

I.

AT the pleasant dawn of morning,
 Moorish knights in numbers fall,
 To maintain a solemn turney
 In Granada's verdant valley.

II.

Justing they wheel their fleet horses ;
 On his lance each warrior steady
 Bears a rich and beauteous penon,
 Wrought with art by his fair lady.

III.

The bright sun they dazzle, shewing
 Jupes of silk and golden tissue :
 Each young hero hopes to soften
 His proud dame by that day's issue.

IV.

From the towers of proud Alhambra *
 Moorish ladies view the trial ;
 And among them two the fairest
 Of the court without denial.

* *The celebrated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada.*

V.

Fatima they and Xarifa

Love on both has play'd his quiver :

Thee, Xarifa, O that Alla

Would from jealousy deliver !

VI.

Tho friends they, for this has silence

O'er them spread his fullen pinion.

Fatima the heart has stolen

Of Xarifa's faithless minion.

VII.

Abendarrez call the rover ;

Guiltless she of his defection ;

For of Fatima's firm passion

Abenamar was th' election.

VIII.

Spoke at length the wrong'd Xarifa,

As with scorn her rage to cover ;

For she thought her friend with favour

Heard the suit of her false lover.

IX.

' Love cannot be hid, my sister,

' But himself he still discloses ;

' Of thy tongue where is the prattle ?

' Of thy cheeks where are the roses ?

X. ' Thou

X.

- 'Thou art not in love, I know it !
 ' See the cause of thy condition ;
 ' Thy knight, Abendarrez, tilting,
 ' Hopes the prize with fond ambition.

XI.

- Beauteous Fatima her silence
 In wise answer thus has broken :
 ' Never yet did Love, Xarifa,
 ' Of my heart receive a token.

XII.

- ' If my speech and colour leave me
 ' It is not without a reason ;
 ' Short time since my gracious father
 ' Died by Alabez's treason.

XIII.

- ' And if ever Love, my sister,
 ' To his law could bring me over,
 ' Abendarrez should not win me,
 ' From thy charms a cruel rover.'

XIV.

- Thus the Moorish dames have spoken ;
 Then in silence clos'd their prattle,
 To remark each gallant chieftain
 Who maintain'd the seeming battle.

R O M A N Z E II.

I.

WHEN valiant Ferdinand beheld
Granada to his prowess yield;
And o'er Alhambra's highest tower
The banner fly of Christian power;

II.

Thus to the flower of Spanish ground,
His peers and loyal leaders round,
The mandates of his mighty breast,
The monarch in his pride address'd.

III.

' Who when the morning springs, will go
' Our chief against the mountain foe;
' And spread our princely ensign tall
' O'er Alpuxarra's rebel wall * ?

** When Ferdinand was occupied with the acquisition of Granada, Alpuxarra, and some other Moorish towns newly conquered, took the opportunity to revolt.*

IV. In

IV.

In silence every troubled peer
Read in each other's face his fear ;
The journey full of perils great
They knew, and doubtful the retreat.

V.

Each tremulous beard in terror shook,
Till from his seat, with frowning look,
Alonso de Aguilar sprung
And thus bespoke with fearless tongue.

VI.

' O king, for me is this emprise,
' And shame or praise that thence may rise ;
' The queen her sovereign promise gave
' No other the bright claim should have.'

VII.

With joy the king the valiant heard.
Soon as the morrow's dawn appear'd,
Alonso with his eager van
To climb Nevada's heights began.

VIII.

Five hundred horse to battle bred,
A thousand infantry he led ;
The Moors in silent ambush lay.
In crowds to guard the rocky way.

IX.

Amid the pathless cliffs the cry
Of conflict echoes to the sky:
The cavalry no footing gain,
But fall by stony fragments slain.

X.

Alonso, and the foot-array,
Sore lessen'd by the bloody fray,
At length attain an upland dale,
Where countless Moors their ranks assail.

XI.

Tho bleed around whole bands of foes,
Yet who such numbers may oppose?
The chief at length beheld his host,
In one unbounded slaughter lost.

XII.

Tho left alone, the lion-knight
Declines not the unequal fight;
Where'er he turns his eyes of fire,
As struck by lightning crowds expire.

XIII.

Fresh Moors possess the bloody field;
No longer strong his sword to wield,
The victim of a thousand wounds,
The shade of death the chief surrounds.

XIV. The

XIV.

The bravely dead, each coward Moor
 With caitiff lance his body tore;
 Then to Ogixar they him brought;
 Where all to see the warrior fought.

XV.

Each Moor and Moorish dame with joy
 Saw him, who wont their hopes destroy,
 No more exert his matchless force,
 But harmless ly a bleeding corse.

XVI.

A Christian captive of the crowd
 Yet mov'd their tears with outcry loud:
 For she had nurs'd him at her breast,
 And in the cradle sooth'd his rest.

XVII.

' Alonso, Oh Alonso brave!
 ' May heaven thy generous spirit have!
 ' The Moors of Alpuxara flew
 ' The bravest knight that fame e'er knew.'

R O M A N Z E III.

I.

EIGHT to eight, and ten to ten,
 Knights of valour and renown,
 Turney in Toledo fair
 The glad day of peace, to crown.

II.

An high festival the king
 Gives his pleasure to evince;
 Concord reigns between his brother
 And Granada's warlike prince,

III.

Others say the feast is given
 Zelindaxa bright to please;
 Mistress of the king's affection,
 She ordains him pain or ease.

IV.

The Zarrazins and Aliatores,
 There in gallant union ride;
 The Alarifes and Azarqués
 Them oppose with equal pride.

V. The

V.

The Zarrazins, a noble band,
On sorrel horses there were seen ;
Their mantles and their jupes distinguish'd
By the orange hue and green.

VI.

On their shields a cimiter,
Bent as Cupid's bow, they wore ;
And the words FUEGO Y SANGRE*,
As the chosen motto bore.

VII.

Equals in the gallant show
Next the Aliatores shone ;
In carnation garbs array'd
With white foliages bestrown.

VIII.

For device, upon the strength
Of Atlas stood a stable heaven ;
TENDRELO HASTA QUE CANSE †
For the motto there was given.

* Fire and blood.

† He will support it till he is weary.

IX.

Them ensued the Alarifés
 In most costly manner clad ;
 Their sleeves right curiously were purfled
 On the yellow cloth and red.

X.

A naked Hercules they gave,
 Who a savage monster tore ;
 And above FUERCAS VALEN *
 As the valiant word they wore.

XI.

Them the eight Azarqués follow'd,
 And in pride exceeded all ;
 Straw's pale dye and brownish gray
 Were their hues of festival.

XII.

On each chieftain's verdant shield
 Held two daring hands a sphere ;
 EN LO VERDE TODO CABE †
 As the words of honour were.

* *Strength is powerful.*

† *In the green every thing is comprehended.*

XIII. Among

XIII.

Among this band the king beheld
The rival of his lady's love,
And jealousy his cruel heart
To thoughts of utmost fury drove.

XIV.

To Selin thus, high constable,
The sovereign spoke in frantic mood :
' The sun that dazzles now mine eyes,
' Ere long I trust shall set in blood.'

XV.

The graceful knight so strongly threw *
His rods, they vanish'd in the air ;
Nor could the power of keenest eye,
Their progress or their fall declare.

XVI.

Each lady, from the windows high,
Or scaffolds, that enjoy'd the sight,
With anxious looks of fond desire
Bent forwards to behold the knight.

* It was anciently the custom for the Spanish gentry to amuse themselves while on horseback with throwing small rods, or canes, into the air ; on darting of which with such force and skill as to delude the eye, they much valued themselves.

XVII.

As he advances or retires,
‘ May heaven thee fave!’ the vulgar cry :
While, burnt with jealousy’s fierce flames,
The king still answers, ‘ Let him die!’

XVIII.

Bold Zelindaxa, sovereign fair,
As near the royal tower he drew,
Tho ‘ Hold ! hold !’ cried the angry king,
Sprinkled the chief with fragrant dew.

XIX.

The turney stopp’d : in silence deep,
And expectation, flood the ring ;
While, giving reason’s rein to rage,
‘ Arrest the traitor !’ cried the king.

XX.

The two first troops their lances seize
The princely mandate to fulfill.
Alas ! what barrier can be set
Against an amorous monarch’s will !

XXI.

The other two defence prepar’d,
Had not the Azarqué to them said,
‘ Friends, tho the king’s love has no laws,
‘ Remember laws for your’s were made.

XXII. ‘ Lower

XXII.

' Lower your lances, tho my foes
 ' Ye eager see my blood to spill.
 ' Alas, what barrier can be set
 ' Against an amorous monarch's will !

XXIII.

They took the noble Moor. His friends
 Drop'd tears of rage his fate to see.
 In wild disorder rush'd the croud,
 By force the captive knight to free.

XXIV.

They had no chief to guide their ire,
 And fled before superior skill.
 Alas, what barrier can be set,
 Against an amorous monarch's will !

XXV.

Fair Zelindaxa cried aloud,
 ' Rescue, ye Moors, your warrior brave !'
 And rose as if she meant to leap
 From the high tower her knight to save.

XXVI.

Her mother her embrac'd, and cried,
 ' Ah, are you mad yourself to kill ?
 ' Alas, what barrier can be set
 ' Against an amorous monarch's will !'

XXVII. The

XXVII.

The furious king a message sent
 The mournful damsel to convey
 To a lone mansion of her friends,
 In lasting durance there to stay.

XXVIII.

'Tell him,' she said, 'where'er I go,
 'My firm love shall attend me still.
 'Alas, what barrier can be set
 'Against an amorous monarch's will!'

ROMANZE IV*.

I.

A LONG San Lucar's ample square
 See gallant Gazul ride ;
 In snowey hue array'd, and green,
 And purple's radiant pride.
 To Gelves he designs to go,
 His valiant skill to try ;
 In turnament with many a knight
 Of high renown to vie.

II.

The chief a noble dame adores ;
 Of her farewell to take,
 A thousand anxious turns before
 Yon mansion see him make.
 Lo, from the balcony at length,
 The lovely maid inclines,
 As o'er a distant hill the morn,
 In rosy radiance shines.

* *This ballad is composed of three different ones on the same subject ; the first beginning, Por la plaça de San Lucar ; the second, Sale la estrella de Venus ; and the third, No de tal braveza llesto.*

III. Swift

III.

Swift from his steed the warrior lights,
 And kneels upon the ground,
 As struck with awe : such power has love
 The valiant to confound.
 ‘ O fair,’ he cries with trembling voice,
 ‘ This day must fame be mine :
 ‘ What chance can hurt me now that I
 ‘ Have seen thy charms divine ?

IV.

‘ Yet of thy favour I beseech
 ‘ Some badge to bear along *;
 ‘ That, with it grac’d, my haughty lance
 ‘ May as my love be strong.’
 In jealous rage the maid replied,
 For then full well she knew
 That Zaida, his first desire,
 An elder duty drew.

V.

‘ If in the combat thy success
 ‘ My heart’s desire may crown ;
 ‘ No more, false knight, shalt thou return,
 ‘ But life lose, and renown.

* It was the custom for ladies to present their lovers with the penon or streamer they were to wear on their lance in combat or turney. The penon was commonly richly inwoven with the lady’s cypher. See Stanza XIII.

- To God I speak my eager wish,
- Sincere as thou dost lye,
- That in the fight by secret foes
- Ignobly thou mayst die.

VI.

- O may thy enemies be strong!
 - Thy friends all dastards prove!
 - O be thou dead, as is thy fame,
 - And not even pity move!
- The leader thinks she speaks in jest,
And thus in haste replies ;
- The Moor who would us set at strife,
 - Believe me, lady, lies.

VII.

- May all thy curses on him light !
 - My soul must now abhor
 - That Zaida ; tho wont, I own,
 - Her beauty to adore.
 - After long years of service, she
 - For a base Moor me left —
- The fair retired, nor more would hear,
Of patience quite bereft.

VIII. A

VIII.

A page appear'd, and gallant steeds

Him brought in rich array :

'Return,' the frantic warrior cried,

'We try no arms this day.'

In frenzy then against the wall

That hid his fair from view,

So fierce he tilted, that his spear

In thousand splinters flew.

IX.

In anguish now he paus'd a while;

Now rode in furious mood,

Till madness fired his inmost soul,

And prompted deeds of blood.

His wandering way to Xerez far

Along the shore he held ;

Where with her fire his former love,

False Zaida, now dwell'd.

X.

The star of eve with golden light

Illumed the western wave,

When near to Xerez Gazul drew,

As Rodamonte brave.

Not he, that king of Argel high,
 When for his fair he strove
 With Mandricardo, stood in praise
 Young Gazul's name above.

XI.

Now near her mansion, with fresh rage
 His dauntless bosom burn'd ;
 And thus he spoke, while plaintive waves
 And rocks the sound return'd.
 ' O Zaida, more faithless far
 ' Than that inconstant sea ;
 ' Not half so savage are these rocks,
 ' Not half so hard as thee !

XII.

' How can'st thou give thy youthful hand
 ' To him thy suitor old ;
 ' And leave the riches of the mind
 ' For sordid wealth of gold ?
 ' Oh, may ev'n he, thy suitor old,
 ' Thy falsehood learn to scorn !
 ' May never love thy anxious nights,
 ' Nor joy thy days adorn.

XIII.

- ‘ At zambra *, nor at festival,
‘ May never knight appear,
‘ Thy cypher on embroider’d sleeve,
‘ Or filken badge to bear.
‘ May jealousy ev’n of his age
‘ Thy peace still violate.
‘ May he live long ! Thy fiercest foe
‘ Can wish no worse a fate.’

XIV.

Thus as he spoke the gradual night
Descended all around ;
And, as he near the mansion drew,
Of mirth he heard the sound.
Sudden before a rushing croud
The doors were open thrown ;
And thro’ the gloom in bright array
A thousand torches shone.

XV.

In midst the future husband held
Young Zaida’s false hand.
To church they went, where stood the priest
To fix the sacred band.

* *A morisque dance.*

This cruel fight when Gazul saw,
His madness found new flame ;
A while he rested, till at hand
The brilliant troop now came.

XVI.

Then spurr'd his steed into the midst,
And thus his lady's choice
Address'd, while all in sudden fear
Stood trembling at his voice.
' Hope not, base traitor, to enjoy
' This lady, once my love ;
' Defend thyself if e'er thy arm
' Could skill or valour prove.

XVII.

He spoke. They fought. The aged Moor
Lay dead upon the ground.
Swift to revenge his wretched fall,
His numerous friends drew round.
Against their force the warrior stood
With more than mortal might :
Then, slow retreating, refuge found
Amid the shades of night,

LA PLUPART DE CES CHANSONS SONT DE VIEILLES
ROMANCES DONT LES AIRS NE SONT PAS PIQUANS ;
MAIS ILS ONT JE NE SAIS QUOI D'ANTIQUE ET DE
DOUX QUI TOUCHE A LA LONGUE.

ROUSSEAU.

HARDYKNUTE.

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

PART I.

STATELY stept he east the ha,
 And stately stept he west;
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,
 With scerce sevin yeirs of rest.
 He livit whan Britons breach of faith
 Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost
 He was their deidly fae.

5

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht,
 And gudely chambers fair to see,
 Whar he lodgit mony a knight.
 His dame sa peirles anes, and fair,
 For chaste, and bewtie, sene,
 Na marrow had in a the land,
 Save Emergard the quene.

10

15

Full thirtein fons to him flie bare,
 All men of valour stout,
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt; 20
 Four yit remaind; lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land:
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Greit luvie they bare to Fairly fair, 25
 Their sister fast and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
 And gowdin glist her hair.
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
 Waefou to young and auld, 30
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tide,
 Puft up with pouir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle, 35
 Wi mony a hardie knicht.
 The tidings to our gude Scots king
 Came as he sat at dyne
 With noble chiefs in braive aray,
 Drinking the bluid red wyne. 40

“ To

“ To horse, to horse, my royal liege!

“ Your faes stand on the strand;

“ Full twenty thousand glittering speirs

“ The cheifs of Norse command.

“ Bring me my steid Mage dapple gray.”

45

Our gude king raisè and cryd:

A trustier beist in all the land,

A Scots king nevir seyde.

“ Gae, little page, tell Hardyknute,

“ Wha lives on hill sa hie,

50

“ To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,

“ And haste and follow me.”

The little page flew swift as dart,

Flung by his master's arm;

‘ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,

55

‘ And red your king frae harm.’

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks

Sae did his dark-brown brow;

His luiks grew kene, as they were wont

In danger grit to do.

60

He has tane a horn as grene as grass,

And gien five founds sa shrill,

That tries in grene wode shuke threath,

Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His fons in manly sport and glie 65
 Had past the summer's morn ;
 Whan lo ! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
 ' That horn, quoth they, neir sounds in peace,
 ' We have other sport to bide ; ' 70
 And fune they hied them up the hill,
 And fune were at his side.

" Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace ,
 " To end my lengthend lyfe ;
 " My age nicht well excuse my arm 75
 " Frae manly feats of stryfe :
 " But now that Norfe does proudly boast
 " Fair Scotland to enthrall,
 " It's neir be said of Hardyknute,
 " He feird to fecht or fall. 80

" Robin of Rothsay bend thy bow,
 " Thy arrows shute fa leil,
 " That mony a comely countenance
 " They've turn'd to deidly pale.
 " Braive Thomas taik ye but your lance, 85
 " Ye neid na weapons mair ;
 " Gif ye fecht wi't, as ye did anes,
 " Gainst Westmoreland's ferce heir.

" And

" And Malcolm, licht of fute as stag
 " That runs in forest wilde, 90
 " Get me my thousands thrie of men
 " Weil bred to sword and shield :
 " Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
 " My blade of metal clere."
 If faes but kend the hand it bare, 95
 They ſune had fled for feir.

" Farewil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,"
 And tuke her by the hand,
 " Fairer to me in age you ſeim
 " Than maids for bewtie famd : 100
 " My youngſt ſon ſhall here remain,
 " To guard theſe ſtately touirs,
 " And ſhute the ſilver bolt that keips
 " Sae faſt your painted bowers."

And firſt ſhe wet her comely cheiks, 105
 And then her boddice grene ;
 The ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt
 Were plet with ſilver ſhene ;
 And apron ſet with mony a dyce
 Of neidle-wark ſae rare, 110
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
 Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden our muir and mofs,
 Our hills and mony a glen,
 When he cam to a wounded knight, 115
 Making a heavy mane :

‘ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
 ‘ By treacheries fause gyles ;
 ‘ Witless I was that eir gave faith
 ‘ To wicked woman’s smyles.’ 120

“ Sir knight, gin ye were in my boudir,
 “ To lean on filken feat,
 “ My lady’s kindlie care you’d pruve
 “ Wha neir kend deidly hate ; 125
 “ Hirsell wald watch ye all the day,
 “ Hir maids at deid of night ;
 “ And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
 “ As she stands in your sight.

“ Arise young knight, and mount your steid,
 “ Bricht lows the shynand day ; 130
 “ Chuse frae my menie wham ye pleise,
 “ To leid ye on the way.”

Wi smyleless luik, and visage wan
 The wounded knight replyd,
 ‘ Kind chieftain your intent pursue, 135
 ‘ For heir I maun abide.

‘ To

' To me nae after day nor night
 ' Can eir be sweit or fair ;
 ' But sune benethe sum draping trie,
 ' Cauld dethe fall end my care.' 140
 Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
 Nor strave he lang in vain ;
 Short pleiding eithly nicht prevale,
 Him to his lure to gain.

" I will return wi speid to bide, 145
 " Your plaint and mend your wae :
 " But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
 " Before our countries fae.
 " Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird
 " The fields of stryfe fraemang ;
 " Convey Sir knight to my abode,
 " And meise his egre pang."

Syne he has gane far hynd, out ower
 Lord Chattan's land fae wyde ;
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay, 155
 Whan faes his courage feyd :
 Of Pictish race, by mother's side :
 Whan Picts ruled Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
 When he sav'd Pictish crown. 160

S C O T I S H

Now with his ferce and stalwart train

He recht a rising hicht,

Whar brad encampit on the dale,

Norse army lay in ficht;

“Yonder my valiant sons, full ferce

165

“Our raging rievvers wait,

“On the unconquerit Scottish swaird

“To try with us their fate.

“Mak orisons to him that sav’d

“Our fauls upon the rude;

170

“Syne braively shaw your veins are filld

“Wi Caledonian bluid.”

Then furth he drew his trustie glaive,

While thousands all around,

Drawn frae their sheiths glanc’d in the sun,

175

And loud the bugils found.

To join his king, adown the hill

In haste his march he made,

While playand pibrochs minstrals meit

Afore him stately strade.

180

“Thrise welcum, valiant stoup of weir,

“Thy nation’s sheild and pride,

“Thy king na reasoun has to feir,

“Whan thou art by his side.

Whan

Whan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn, 180
 For thrang scerce cold they flie,
 The darts clave arrows as they met,
 Eir faes their dint mote drie.
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferce,
 Wi little skaith to man; 185
 Bût bluidy, bluidy was the feild
 Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that findle bruik'd
 The war that luik'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow, 195
 Sen bows seim'd but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, ' Mine I'll keep,
 ' I wate it's bleid a score.'
 " Haste up my merrie men," cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before. 200

The king of Norse he socht to find,
 Wi him to mense the faucht;
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A sharp unsonsie shaft:
 As he his hand pat up to feil 205
 The wound, an arrow kein,
 O waefu chance! there pind his hand
 In midst atweene his eyne.

' Revenge!

‘ Revenge ! revenge ! ’ cryd Rothfay’s heir,

‘ Your mail-coat fall nocht bide

210

‘ The strenth and sharpness of my dart,’

Whilk shared the reiver’s side.

Anither arrow weil he mark’d

It perc’d his neck in twa ;

His hands then quat the silver reins,

215

He law as eard did fa,

‘ Sair bleids my liege ! Sair, fair he bleids !

Again with micht he drew,

And gesture dreid his sturdy bow ;

Fast the braid arrow flew :

220

Wa to the knight he ettled at ;

Lament now quene Elgreid ;

Hire dames to wail your darling’s fall,

His youth, and comely meid.

‘ Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,’

225

(Of gold well was it twin’d,

Knit like the fowler’s net, through whilk

His steily harness shynd.)

‘ Beir Norse that gift frae me, and bid

‘ Him venge the bluid it weirs ;

230

‘ Say if he face my bended bow

‘ He sure nae weapon feirs.’

Proud

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong;
 Cryd, ' Whar is Hardyknute fae famd, 235
 ' And feird at Britain's throne?
 ' Tho Britons tremble at his name,
 ' I sune fall mak him wail,
 ' That eir my sword was made fac sharp,
 ' Sae fast his coat of mail. 240

That brag his stout heart could na bide,
 It lent him youthfu micht:
 " I'm Hardyknute. ' This day," he cryed,
 " To Scotland's king I hicht
 " To lay thee law as horse's hufe; 245
 " My word I mean to keip i"
 Syne with the first dint eir he strake
 He gar'd his body bleid.

Norse ene like grey gosehauk staird wilde,
 He sich'd wi shame and spyte; 250
 ' Disgrac'd is now my far famd arm
 ' That left thee pouir, to stryke.'
 Syne gied his helm a blow fae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 Sae law as he to ladies us'd, 255
 In courtly gyfe to lout.

Full fune he rais'd his bent body ;
 His bou he marveld fair,
 Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd
 As touch of Fairly fair. 260
 Norfe ferlied too as fair as he,
 To see his stately luik ;
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Whar, like a fyre to hether set, 265
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae, with luik enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance.
 He spur'd his steid through thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell ; 270
 Wha stude unmuvit at his approach
 His furie to repell.

' That short brown shaft, sae meinly trim'd,
 ' Lukes like poor Scotland's geir ;
 ' But dreadfu feims the rusty point !' 275
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 " Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne
 " It's point cut short their vaunt."
 Syne perc'd the boster's bairded cheik
 Nae time he tuke to taunt. 280

Short

Short while he in his fadil swang ;
 His stirrip was nae stay,
 But feible hang his unbent knie,
 Sair taken he was, fey !
 Swyth on the harden'd clay he fell, 285
 Richt far was heard the thud ;
 But Thomas luk'd not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

Wi careles gesture, mind unmuv'd,
 On rade he north the plain 290
 His feim in peace, or fercest stryfe,
 Ay reckless, and the same.
 Nor yit his heart dames' dimpeld cheik
 Cold meise fast luv to bruik ;
 Till vengefu Ann returnd his scorn, 295
 Then languid grew his luke.

In thrauis of dethe, wi wallow'd cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The bleiding corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to arise again : 300
 Neir to return to native land ;
 Na mair wi blythsum sounds
 To boast the glories of that day,
 And shaw their shynand wounds.

There

There on a lee, whar stands a crofs 305
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu ferce, that summer's day,
 Fill'd kene wars black intent.
 Let Scots while Scots praise Hardyknute
 Let Norſe the name aye dreid; 310
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
 Sall lateſt ages reid.

On Norway's coaſt the widow'd dame
 May waſh the rocks wi teirs,
 May lang luke ovr the ſhiples ſeas 315
 Before her mate appeirs.
 Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyes in the clay;
 The valiant Scots na rievors thole
 To carry lyfe away. 320

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy ſhounir,
 Mirk grew the nicht ere Hardyknute
 Wan neir his ſtately tourir:
 His tourir that us'd wi torches bleiſe 325
 To ſhyne ſae far at nicht
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid:
 Na marvel fair he ſich'd.

“ There's

“ There’s na licht in my lady’s bouir,
 “ There’s na licht in my ha; 330
 “ Na blynk thyns round my Fairly fair,
 “ Na ward stands on my wa.
 “ What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say.”
 Na answer fits their dreid.
 “ Stand back my sons I’ll be your gyde.” 335
 But by they past wi speid.

“ As fast I ha sped ovr Scotland’s faes—”
 There ceis’d his brag of weir,
 Sair sham’d to mind ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair. 340
 Black feir he felt, but what to feir
 He wist nae yit wi dreid:
 Sair shuke his body, fair his limbs
 And a the warriour fled.

P A R T II.

“**R**ETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde!”

A dolefu voice frae mid the ha

Reculd, wi echoes wylde.

Bestraught wi dule and dreid, na pour

Had Hardyknute at a ;

Full thrife he raught his ported speir,

And thrife he let it fa.

“ O haly God, for his deir sake,

“ Wha savd us on the rude——

10

He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,

Yet reid wi Norland bluid.

“ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,

“ Grit cause we ha to feir ;

“ But ay the canny ferce contemn

15

“ The hap they canna veir.”

‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid,

‘ And bring me back my chylde !’

The dolefu voice frae mid the ha

Reculd, wi echoes wylde.

20

The storm grew rise, throuch a the list

The rattling thunder rang,

The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent

Their harnisine along.

What

What feir posselt their boding breests 25

Whan, by the gloomy glour,
The castle ditch wi deed bodies

They saw was filled out owr!

Quoth Hardyknute "I wold to Chryste

"The Norse had wan the day, 30

"Sae I had kept at hame but anes,

"Thilk bluidy feats to stay."

Wi speed they past, and syne they recht

The base-courts sounding bound,

Deip groans sith heard, and through the mirk 35

Lukd wistfully around.

The moon, frae hind a fable cloud,

Wi sudden twinkle shane,

Whan, on the cauldriif eard, they fand

The gude Sir Mordac layn. 40

Besprent wi gore, fra helm to spur,

Was the trew-heartit knicht;

Swith frae his steid sprang Hardyknute

Muv'd wi the heavy sicht.

"O say thy master's shield in weir, 45

"His sawman in the ha,

"What hatefu chance cold ha the pour

To lay thy eild sae law?"

To his complaint the bleiding knight 50
 Returnd a piteous mane,
 And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
 Claucht streitly in his ain :
 ‘ Gin eir ye fee lord Hardyknute,
 ‘ Frae Mordac ye maun say,
 ‘ Lord Draffan’s treasoun to confute 55
 ‘ He usd his steddiefst fay.’

He nicht na mair, for cruel dethe
 Forbad him to proceid ;
 “ I vow to God, I winna sleip
 “ Till I see Draffan bleid. 60
 “ My sons your sister was ovr fair :
 “ But bruik he fall na lang
 “ His gude betide ; my last forbode
 “ He’ll trow belyve na fang.

“ Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth 65
 “ To me your luvae fae deir ;
 “ The Norse’ defeat mote weil persuade
 “ Nae riever ye neid feir.”
 The speirmen wi a mighty shout,
 Cryd ‘ Save our master deir ! 70
 ‘ While he dow beir the sway bot care
 ‘ Nae reiver we fall feir.’

‘ Return,

' Return, return, ye men of bluid
' And bring me back my chylde !'

The dolefu voice frae mid the ha 75
Reculd wi echoes wylde.

" I am to wyte my valiant friends :"
And to the ha they ran,
The stately dore full streitly steiked
Wi iron boltis thrie they fand. 80

The stately dore, thouch streitly steiked
Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
Richt fune his micht can eithly gar
Frae aff it's hinges flie.

" Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir ? 85

" Mair wold I see her deid

" Than see her in your bridal bed

" For a your portly meid.

" What thouch my gude and valiant lord

" Lye strecht on the cauld clay ? 90

" My sons the dethe may ablins spair

" To wreak their sisters wae."

Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,

Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne ;

Then teirs first wet his manly cheik 95

And snawy baird bedeene.

‘ Na riever here, my dame fae deir,

‘ But your leil lord you see;

‘ May hieft harm betide his life

‘ Wha brocht sic harm to thee !

100

‘ Gin anes ye may beleive my word,

‘ Nor am I usd to lie,

‘ By day-prime he or Hardyknute

‘ The bluidy dethe shall die.’

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht

105

Sae gladfum fiind at een,

Whar penants gleit a gowden bleise

Our knichts and ladys shene,

Was now fae mirk, that, through the bound,

Nocht mote they wein to see,

110

Alse through the southern port the moon

Let fa a blinkand glic.

“ Are ye in finth my deir luvd lord ? ”

‘ Nae mair she doucht to say,

But fwounit on his harnest neck

115

Wi joy and tender fay.

To see her in sic balefu fort

Revivd his selcouth feirs;

But sune she raisd her comely luik,

And saw his faing teirs.

120

“ Ye

- “ Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch,
 “ Grit cause ye ha I dreid;
 “ Hae a our sons their lives redem’d
 “ Frae furth the dowie feid?”
- “ Saif are our valiant sons, ye see, 125
 “ But lack their sister deir;
 “ When she’s awa, bot any doubt,
 “ We ha grit cause to feir.”
- “ Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
 “ Whan ye the fuith fall heir, 130
 “ Na marvel that ye ha mair cause,
 “ Than ye yit weist, to feir.
 “ O wharefore heir yon feignand knight
 “ Wi Mordac did ye send?
 “ Ye funer wald ha perced his heart 135
 “ Had ye his ettling kend.”
- “ What may ye mein my peirles dame?
 “ That knight did muve my ruthe
 “ We balefu mane; I did na dout
 “ His curtesie and truthe. 140
 “ He maun ha tint wi sma renown
 “ His life in this fell rief;
 “ Richt fair it grieves me that he heir
 “ Met sic an ill relief.”

Quoth she, wi teirs that down her cheiks 145

Ran like a silver shour,

“ May ill befa the tide that brocht

“ That fause knight to our tour :

“ Ken’d ye na Draffan’s lordly port,

“ Thouch cled in knightly graith ? 150

“ Tho hidden was his hautie luik

“ The visor black benethe ?”

‘ Now, as I am a knight of weir,

‘ I thocht his seeming trew ;

‘ But, that he fae deceived my ruthe, 155

‘ Full fairly he fall rue.’

“ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha

“ Came wi his cative fere ;”

‘ My fire has sent this wounded knight

‘ To pruve your kyndlie care. 160

‘ Your sell maun watch him a the day,

‘ Your maids at deid of nicht ;

‘ And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir

‘ As she stands in his sicht. 165

“ Nae funer was Sir Mordac gane,

“ Than up the featour sprang ;”

‘ The luve alse o your dochter deir

‘ I feil na ither pang.

- ‘ Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan’s fuit 170
 ‘ Refus’d wi mickle pryde ;
 ‘ By his gude dame and Fairly fair
 ‘ Let him not be deny’d.’
 ‘ Nocht muvit wi the cative’s speech,
 ‘ Nor wi his stern command ; 175
 ‘ I treasoun ! cryd, and Kenneth’s blade
 ‘ Was glisterand in his hand.
 ‘ My son lord Draffan heir you see,
 ‘ Wha means your sister’s fay
 ‘ To win by guile, when Hardyknute 180
 ‘ Strives in the irie fray.”
 ‘ Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !”
 ‘ Bauld Kenneth cryd aloud ;
 ‘ But, fune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 ‘ My son lay in his bluid.” 185
 ‘ I did nocht grein that bluming face
 ‘ That dethe sae fune sold pale ;
 ‘ Far less that my trew luv, through me,
 ‘ Her brither’s dethe sold wail.
 ‘ But syne ye sey our force to prive, 190
 ‘ Our force we fall you shaw !”
 ‘ Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen
 ‘ He tuik frae down the wa.

" Ere the portculie could be flung,
 " His kyth the base-court fand ; 195
 " When scantly o their count a teind
 " Their entrie nicht gainstand.
 " Richt fune the raging rievvers stude
 " At their fause master's fyde,
 " Wha, by the haly maiden, fware 200
 " Na harm fold us betide.

" What fyne befell ye weil may guesf,
 " Reft o our eilds delicht."
 " We fall na lang be reft, by morne
 " Sall Fairly glad your ficht. 205
 " Let us be gane, my fons, or now
 " Our meny chide our stay ;
 " Fareweil my dame ; your dochter's luv
 " Will fune cheir your effray.'

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik ; 210
 " Let ane o my fons thrie
 " Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
 " May ill fic travel drie.
 " O whar were I, were my deir lord,
 " And a my fons, to bleid ! 215
 " Better to bruik the wrang than fae
 " To wreak the hie mildede."

The gallant Rothfay rose bedeen
 His richt of age to pleid;
 And Thomas shawd his strenthy speir; 220
 And Malcolm mein'd his speid.
 ' My sons your stryfe I gladly see,
 ' But it fall neir be fayne,
 ' That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
 ' And heird his son was slayne.

' My lady deir, ye neid na feir; 225
 ' The richt is on our syde.'
 Syne rising with richt frawart haste
 Nae parly wald he byde.
 The lady sat in heavy mude,
 Their tunefu march to heir, 230
 While, far ayont her ken, the found
 Na mair mote roun her eir.

O ha ye fein fum glitterand touir, 235
 Wi mirrie archers crownd,
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae 240
 Keipt frae their countrie's bound?
 Sic aufum strenth shawd Hardyknute;
 Sic seimd his stately meid;
 Sic pryde he to his meny bald,
 Sic feir his faes he gied, 245

Wi glie they past our mountains rude,
 Owr muirs and mosses weit;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touirs it gleit.
 O Fairly bricht I marvel fair
 That featour eer ye lued,
 Whase treafoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude!

245

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha fleipd his bouir intill :
 ' Nae time for fleuth, your raging faes
 ' Fare down the westlin hill.
 ' And, by the libbard's gowden low
 ' In his blue banner braid,
 ' That Hardyknute his dochtir seiks,
 ' And Draffans dethe, I rede.'

250

255

" Say to my bands of matchless nicht,
 " Wha camp law in the dale,
 " To busk their arrows for the fecht,
 " And streitly gird their mail.
 " Syne meit me here, and wein to find
 " Nae just or turney play;
 " Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 " War bruiks na lang delay."

260

His

His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedeen; 265

Fra ilka skaith and harm

Securit by a warloc auld,

Wi mony a fairy charm.

A feimly knight cam to the ha:

' Lord Draffan I thee braive, 270

' Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,

' To fecht wi speir or glaive.'

" Your hautie lord me braives in yain

" Alane his micht to prive,

" For wha, in fingle feat of weir, 275

" Wi Hardyknute may strive?

" But fith he meins our strenth to sey,

" On case he fune will find,

" That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,

" In force they're far behind. 280

" Yet cold I wete that he wald yield

" To what bruiks nae remeid,

" I for his dochter wald nae hain

" To ae half o my steid."

Sad Hardyknute apart frae a 285

Leand on his birnist speir;

And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,

He spar'd nae fisch nor teir.

" What

"What meins the felon cative vile?"

"Bruiks this reif, na remeid?" 290

"I scorn his gylefu vows ein thouch

"They recht to a his steid."

Bownd was lord Draffan for the fecht,

Whan lo! his Fairly deir

Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha

Wi a the speid of feir. 295

Ein as the rudie star of morne

Peirs through a cloud of dew,

Sae did she seim, as round his neck

Her snawy arms she threw. 300

"O why, O why, did Fairly wair

"On thee her thoughtless luv?"

"Whase cruel heart can ettle aye

"Her father's dethe to pruve!" 305

And first he kisd her bluming cheik,

And syne her bosom deir;

Than sadly strade athwart the ha,

And drapd ae tendir teir. 310

"My meiny heid my words wi care,

"Gin ony weit to slay

"Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I sweir

"Wi lyfe he fall nae gae." 315

"My

‘ My maidens bring my bridal gowne,
 ‘ I little trewd yestrene,
 ‘ To rise frae bonny Draffan’s bed, 315
 ‘ His bluidy dethe to fene.’

Syne up to the hie baconie
 She has gane wi a her train,
 And fune she saw her stalwart lord
 Attein the bleifing plain. 320

Owr Nethan’s weily streim he fared
 Wi seeming ire and pryde;
 His blason, glisterand owr his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde.
 Richt fune the bugils blew, and lang 325
 And bludy was the fray;
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,
 The mighty chief muvd on; 330
 His basnet, bleifing to the sun,
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.
 Draffan he socht, wi him at anes
 To end the cruel stryfe;
 But aye his speirmen thranging round 335
 Forfend their leider’s lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
 Ran reiking mony a mile;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane
 Cold end their irie toil.

340

‘Wha flie, I vow, fall frae my speir
 ‘Receive the dethe they dreid!’
 Cryd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.

Up to him fune a knight can prance,
 A graith’d in silver mail:

345

“Lang have I socht thee throuch the field,
 “This lance will tell my tale.”

Rude was the fray, till Draffan’s skill

Oercame his youthful might;

350

Perc’d throuch the visor to the eie
 Was slayne the comly knight,

The visor on the speir was deft,

And Draffan Malcolm spied;

‘Ye should your vaunted speid this day,

355

‘And not your strenth, ha sey’d.’

“Cative, awa ye maun na flie,”

Stout Rothsay cry’d bedeem,

“Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir

“The wound ye fein’d yestrene.”

360

‘Mair

‘ Mair o your kins bluid ha I spilt
 ‘ Than I docht evir grein ;
 ‘ See Rothsay whar your brither lyes
 ‘ In dethe afore your eyne.’

Bold Rothsay cried wi lion’s rage, 365

‘ O hatefu curfed deid!
 ‘ Sae Draffan feiks our sister’s luv,
 ‘ Nor feirs far ither meid!’

Swith on the word an arrow cam
 Frae ane o Rothsay’s band, 370

And smote on Draffan’s lifted targe,
 Syne Rothsays splent it fand.

Perc’d throuch the knie to his ferce steid,
 Wha pranc’d wi egre pain,

The chief was forced to quit the stryfe, 375
 And feik the nether plain.

His minstrals there wi dolesfu care
 The bludy shaft withdrew ;

But that he sae was bar’d the fecht
 Sair did the leider rue. 380

‘ Cheir ye my mirrie men,’ Draffan cryd,
 ‘ Wi meikle pryde and glie ;

‘ The prise is ours ; nae chieftan bides
 ‘ Wi us to bate the grie.’

That

That haucie boast heard Hardyknute, 385

Whar he lein'd on his speir,

Sair weiried wi the fume-tide heat,

And toilsom deids of weir.

The first sicht, when he past the thrang,

Was Malcolm on the swaird :

390

“ Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,

“ And thy youtheid had spard !

“ Draffan I ken thy ire, but now

“ Thy nicht I mein to see.”

Eut eir he strak the deidly dint

395

The fyre was on his knie.

‘ Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,

‘ I neir will stryve wi thee;

‘ Forfend your dochter see you slayne

‘ Frae whar she sits on hie !

400

‘ Yestrene the priest in haly band

‘ Me join’d wi Fairly deir;

‘ For her sake let us part in peace,

‘ And neir meet mair in weir.’

“ Oh king of hevin, what feimly speech

405

“ A featour’s lips can send !

“ And art thou he wha baith my sons

“ Brocht to a bluidy end ?

“ Haste

" Haste, mount thy steid, or I fall licht

" And meit thee on the plain ; 410

" For by my forbere's faul we neir

" Sall part till ane be slayne."

" Now mind thy aith, ' syne Draffan stout

To Allan loudly cryd,

Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid 415

And perc'd his masters syde.

Law to the bleiding eard he fell,

And dethe fune clos'd his eyne.

" Draffan, till now I did na ken

" Thy dethe cold muve my tein. 420

" I wold to Chryste thou valiant youth,

" Thou wert in life again ;

" May ill befa my ruthless wrauth

" That brocht thee to sic pain !

" Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde, 425

" Now a my grief and bale,

" Ye maun wi haly maidens byde

" Your deidly faut to wail.

" To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corse,

" And dochter anes fae deir, 430

" Whar she may pay his heidles luv

" Wi mony a mournfu teir."

II. CHILD MAURICE.

I.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor yit his meikle pride,
 But it was for his mother gay
 Wha livd on Carron side.

II.

' Whar fall I get a bonny boy,
 ' That will win hofe and shoen,
 ' That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
 ' And bid his lady come?

III.

' And ye maun rin errand Willie,
 ' And ye maun rin wi speid;
 ' When ither boys gang on their feet
 ' Ye fall ha prancing steid.'

IV.

" Oh no! oh no! my master deir!
 " I dar na for my life;
 " I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
 " For to triest furth his wife."

V. ' My.

V.

- ‘ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
 ‘ My deir Willie,’ he said, 20
 ‘ How can ye strive against the streim ?
 ‘ For I fall be obeyd.’

VI.

- “ But O my master deir !” he cryd,
 “ In grenewode ye’re your lane ;
 “ Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red, 25
 “ For feir ye fold be tane.”

VII.

- ‘ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
 ‘ Bid her come here wi speid ;
 ‘ If ye refuse my hie command,
 ‘ I’ll gar your body bleid. 30

VIII.

- ‘ Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 ‘ Tis a gowd but the hem :
 ‘ Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
 ‘ Ein by hersel alane :

IX.

- ‘ And there it is, a filken farke, 35
 ‘ Her ain hand sewd the sleeve ;
 ‘ And bid her come to Child Maurice ;
 ‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.’

X.

“ Yes I will gae your black errand,

“ Thouch it be to your cost ;

“ Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,

“ In it ye fall find frost.

40

XI.

“ The baron he’s a man o micht,

“ He neir cold bide to taunt :

“ And ye will see before its night,

“ Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

45

XII.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,

“ Sae fair against my will,

“ I’se mak a vow, and keip it trow,

“ It fall be done for ill.”

50

XIII.

Whan he cam to the broken brig,

He bent his bow and swam ;

And whan he came to grafs growing,

Set down his feet and ran.

XIV.

And whan he cam to Barnards yeat,

Wold neither chap nor ca,

But fet his bent bow to his breist,

And lichtly lap the wa.

55

XV. He

XV.

He wald na tell the mañ his errand
 Thoch he stude at the yeat ; 60
 But streight into the ha he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

XVI.

' Hail ! hail ! my gentlè fire and dame !
 ' My message winna wait,
 ' Dame ye maun to the grenewode gae, 65
 ' Afore that it be late.

XVII.

' Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 ' Tis a gowd bot the hem :
 ' Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
 ' Ein by yourfell alane. 70

XVIII.

' And there it is, a filken fark,
 ' Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 ' Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice ;
 ' Speir na bauld baron's leive.'

XIX.

The lady stamped wi her foot, 75
 And winked wi her eie ;
 But a that she cold say or do,
 Forbidden he wald nae be.

D 3

XX. " It's

XX.

"It's surely to my bower-woman,

"It neir cold be to me."

80

'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,

'I trow that ye be she.'

XXI.

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,

(The bairn upon her knie),

"If it be come from Child Maurice

85

"It's deir welcum to me."

XXII.

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,

'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;

'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady

'I trow ye be nae shee.'

90

XXIII.

Then up and spake the bauld baron

An angry man was he:

He has tane the table wi his foot,

Sae has he wi his knie,

Till crystal cup and ezar dish

95

In flinders he gard flie.

XXIV.

"Gae bring a robe of your cliding,

"Wi a the haste ye can,

"And I'll gae to the gude grenewode,

"And speik wi your lemman."

100

XXV. 'O bide

XXV.

' O bide at hame now lord Barnard !
 ' I ward ye bide at hame ;
 ' Neir wyte a man for violence,
 ' Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.'

XXVI.

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode, 105
 He whistled and he sang :
 " O what meins a the folk coming ?
 " My mother tarries lang."

XXVII.

The baron to the grenewode cam,
 Wi meikle dule and care ; 110
 And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
 Kaming his yellow hair.

XXVIII.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
 ' My lady loes thee weil :
 ' The fairest part of my body 115
 ' Is blacker than thy heil.

XXIX.

' Yet neir the lefs now, Child Maurice,
 ' For a thy great bewtie,
 ' Ye'fe rew the day ye eir was born ;
 ' That head fall gae wi me.' 120

XXX.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And flaided ower the strae;
 And throuch Child Maurice fair body
 He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

XXXI.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid, 125
 And set it on a speir;
 The meifest man in a his train
 Has gotten that heid to beir.

XXXII.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
 Laid him acrofs his steid; 130
 And brocht him to his painted bower
 And laid him on a bed.

XXXIII.

The lady on the castle wa
 Beheld baith dale and down;
 And there she saw Child Maurice heid 135
 Cum trailing to the toun.

XXXIV.

“ Better I loe that bluidy heid,
 “ Bot and that yellow hair,
 “ Than lord Barnard and a his lands
 “ As they lig here and there.”

XXXV. And

XXXV.

And she has tane Child Maurice heid, 140
 And kissed baith cheik and chin;
 "I was anes fow of Child Maurice.
 "As the hip is o the stane.

XXXVI.

"I gat ye in my father's house 145
 "Wi meikle sin and shame;
 "I brocht ye up in the grenewode
 "Ken'd to mysell alane:

XXXVII.

"Aft have I by thy craddle fitten,
 "And fondly fein thee sleip; 150
 "But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
 "A mother's teirs to weip."

XXXVIII.

Again she kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
 Again his bluidy chin;
 "O better I loed my son Maurice, 155
 "Than a my kyth and kin!"

XXXIX.

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 "An ill dethe may ye die!
 "Gin I had ken'd he was your son
 "He had neist been slayne by me." 160

XL.

- “Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
 “Obraid me not for shame !
 “Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
 “And save me frae my pain !

XLI.

- “Since nothing but Child Maurice head 165
 “Thy jealous rage cold quell,
 “Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
 “That neir to thee did ill.

XLII.

- “To me nae after days nor nights
 “Will eir be fast or kind : 170
 “I’ll fill the air wi heavy sighs,
 “And greit till I be blind.”

XLIII.

- “Eneuch of bluid by me’s been spilt,
 “Seek not your dethe frae me ;
 “I’d rather far it had been mysel, 175
 “Than either him or thee.

XLIV.

- “Wi hope’efs wae I hear your plaint,
 “Sair, sair, I rue the deid.—
 “That eir this cursed hand of mine
 “Sold gar his body bleed ! 180

XLV. “Dry

XLV.

- ' Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
- ' They neir can heal the wound;
- ' Ye see his heid upon the speir,
- ' His heart's bluid on the ground.

XLVI.

- ' I curse the hand that did the deid, 185
- ' The heart that thocht the ill,
- ' The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
- ' The comlie youth to kill.

XLVII.

- ' I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
- ' As gin he war my ain; 190
- ' I'll neir forget the dreiry day
- ' On which the youth was slain.'

III. ADAM O GORDON.

I.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Whan the wind blew shrill and cauld:
 Said Adam o Gordon to his men,
 “ We maun draw to a hauld.

II.

“ And what a hauld fall we draw to,
 “ My mirrie men and me ?
 “ We will gae strait to Towie house
 “ And fee that fair ladie.”

III.

The lady on her castle wa
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 When she was ware of a host of men
 Riding toward the toun.

IV. ‘O

IV.

‘ O see ye not, my mirry men a,
 ‘ O see ye not what I see?
 ‘ Methinks I see a host of men, 15
 ‘ I marvel wha they be.’

V.

She wein’ it had been her lovely lord,
 As he came ryding hame;
 It was the traitor Adam o Gordon,
 Wha reck’d nae sin or shame. 20

VI.

She had nae funer bulked hersel,
 And putten on her gown,
 Than Adam o Gordon and his men
 Were round about the toun.

VII.

The lady ran to hir touir heid 25
 Sae fast as she cold drie,
 To see if by her speiches fair
 She cold wi him agree.

VIII.

But whan he saw the lady safe,
 And the yates a locked fast, 30
 He fell into a rage of wrauth,
 And his heart was all aghast.

IX.

- " Cum down to me ye lady gay,
 " Cum down, Cum down to me;
 " This nicht ye fall lye in my arms, 35
 " The morrow my bride fall be."

X.

- ' I winna cum down ye fause Gordon,
 ' I winna cum down to thee;
 ' I winna forsake my ain deir lord,
 ' Thouch he is far frae me.' 40

XI.

- " Give owr your house, ye lady fair,
 " Give owr your house to me;
 " Or I fall brin yoursel therein,
 " Bot and your babies thrie."

XII.

- ' I winna give owt, ye fause Gordon, 45
 ' To nae sic traitor as thee;
 ' And if ye brin me and my babes,
 ' My lord fall mak ye drie.'

XIII.

- ' But reach my pistol, Glaud my man,
 ' And charge ye weil my gun, 5
 ' For, bot if I perce that bhuidy butcher,
 ' We a fall be undone.'

XIV. She

XIV.

She stude upon the castle wa
 And let twa bullets flie;
 She mist that bluidy butchers heart,
 And only razd his knie. 55.

XV.

"Set fire to the house," cryd fause Gordon,
 A wood wi dule and ire;
 "Fause lady ye fall rue this deid
 "As ye brin in the fire." 60

XVI.

"Wae worth, wae worth ye Jock my man,
 "I paid ye weil your fee;
 "Why pow ye out the ground-wa stane
 "Lets in the reik to me?"

XVII.

"And ein wae worth ye Jock my man 65
 "I paid ye weil your hire;
 "Why pow ye out the ground wa stane
 "To me lets in the fire?"

XVIII.

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
 "Ye paid me weil my fee: 70
 "But now I'm Adam o Gordon's man;
 "And maun or doe or die."

XIX. O

XIX.

O than bespak her little son
 Frae aff the nource's knie,
 ' Oh mither deir, gi owr this house,
 ' For the reik it smithers me!' 75

XX.

" I wald gie a my gowd, my chyld,
 " Sae wald I a my fee,
 " For ae blast o the westlin wind,
 " To blaw the reik frae thee." 80

XXI.

O than bespak her dochter deir,
 She was baith jimp and fina,
 ' O row me in a pair o sheits,
 ' And tow me owr the wa.' 85

XXII.

They rowd her in a pair o sheits,
 And towd her owr the wa,
 But on the point o Gordon's speir,
 She gat a deidly fa.

XXIII.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
 And chirry were her cheiks;
 And cleir cleir was her yellow hair,
 Wharon the red bluid dreips! 90

XXIV. Than

XXIV.

Than wi his speir he turnd her owr—
 O gin her face was wan! 95
 Quoth he, "Ye are the first that eir
 "I wisht alive again."

XXV.

He turnd her our and our again—
 O gin her skin was white!
 "I micht ha spair'd that bonny face 100
 "To hae been sum mans delyte."

XXVI.

"Busk and boun, my mirry men a,
 "For ill doom I do guefs:
 "I canna luik on that bonnie face,
 "As it lyes on the grafs." 105

XXVII.

"Wha luik to freits, my master deir,
 "Freits will ay follow them:
 "Let it neir be said, Adam o Gordon
 "Was daunted by a dame."

XXVIII.

But whan the lady saw the fire 110
 Cum flaming our her heid,
 She weip'd, and kist her children twain;
 "My bairns we been but deid."

XXIX.

The Gordon than his bugil blew,
 And said, 'Awa, awa: 115
 'Sen Towie House is a in a flame,
 'I hauld it time to ga.'

XXX.

O than bespied her ain deir lord,
 As he cam owr the lee;
 He saw his castle in a blaze 120
 Sae far as he cold see.

XXXI.

Then fair, O fair, his mind misgave,
 And a his heart was wae;
 "Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 "Sae fast as ye can gae. 125

XXXII.

"Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 "Sae fast as ye can drie.
 "He that is hindmost o the thrang
 "Sall neir get gude o me."

XXXIII.

Than sum they rode, and sum they ran, 130
 Fu fast outowr the bent,
 But eir the formost could win up
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

XXXIV. He

XXXIV.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,

And weipt in teinfu mude: 135

“ Ah traitors, for this cruel deid

“ Ye fall weip teirs o bluid !”

XXXV.

And after the Gordon he has gane, 140

Sae fast as he micht drie:

And fune in his foul hartis bluid

He has wreken his deir ladie.

IV. The CHILD of ELLE.

I.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
 With walles and towres bedight;
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighte.

II.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo, he beheld fair Emmeline's page
 Come tripping doune the dale.

III.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stooode not stille,
 And soone he mette faire Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

IV.

Now Christe thee save thou little foot page,
 Now Christe thee save and see,
 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydings be?

V. My

V.

My lady she is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they fall from her eyne ;
 And aye she laments the deadly feude
 Betweene her house and thine. 20

VI.

And here shee sends thee a filken scarfe,
 Bedewde with many a teare ;
 And biddes thee sometimes think on her
 Who loved thee so deare.

VII.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold, 25
 The last boon thou mayst have ;
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake
 Whan she is laid in grave.

VIII.

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee, 30
 Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

IX.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes she must him wedde, 35
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

X.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee.
 And telle her that I, her owne true love,
 Will dye or sette her free.

40

XI.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I be at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

XII.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint na flayd,
 Untill he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he fayd;

45

XIII.

O, ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
 And he greets thee well by mee;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,
 And die or sett thee free.

50

XIV.

Now day was gone and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe:
 All save the lady Emmeline,
 Who sate in her bowre to weepe.

55

XV. And

XV.

And fure ſhe heard her true love's voice,
 Lowe whispering at the walle;
 Awake, awake, my dear ladye,
 'Tis I thy true love call.

60

XVI.

Awake, awake my ladye deare,
 Come mount this fair palfraye;
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

XVII.

Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knight,
 Now naye this may not bee;
 For aye ſhould I tine my maiden fame,
 If alone I ſhould wend with thee.

65

XVIII.

O ladye thou with a knight ſo true
 Mayſt ſafelye wend alone,
 To my lady mother I will thee bring,
 Where marriage ſhall make us one.

70

XIX.

" My father he is a baron bolde,
 " Of lynage proud and hye,
 " And what would he ſaye if his daughter
 " Awaye with a knight ſhould fly?

75

XX.

“ Ah well I wot he never would rest,
 “ Nor his meate should do him no goode,
 “ Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 “ And seene thy deare heart’s bloode.”

80

XXI.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle fet,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

XXII.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle fette,
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that might befall.

85

XXIII.

Fair Emmeline sigh’d, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 At lengthe he feizde her lilly-white hand,
 And doune the ladder he drewe.

90

XXIV.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie;
 The tears that fell from her fair eyes
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

95

XXV. He

XXV.

He mounted himfelfe on his fteede fo talle,
 And her on a fair palfraye,
 And flung his bugle about his necke,
 And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

XXVI.

All this beheard her own damfelle,
 In her bed whereas ſhe lay,
 Quoth ſhee, My lord ſhall knowe of this
 So I ſhall have golde and fee.

XXVII.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold! 105
 Awake, my noble dame!
 Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
 To doe the deede of ſhame.

XXVIII.

The baron he woke, the baron he roſe,
 And callde his merry men all; 110
 " And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
 " The ladye is carried to thrall."

XXIX.

Fair Emmeline ſcant had ridden a mile,
 A mile forth of the towne,
 When ſhe was aware of her father's men 115
 Come galloping over the downe.

XXX. And

XXX.

And foremost came the carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countraye,

“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitour,

“ Nor carry that lady awaye.

120

XXXI.

“ For she is come of hye lynage,

“ And was of a lady borne;

“ And ill it befeems thee a false churles’s sonne,

“ To carry her hence to scorne.”

XXXII.

Nowe loud thou lyeft, Sir John the knight,

125

Nowe thou doest lye of mee;

A knight me gott, and a ladye me bore,

Soe never did none by thee.

XXXIII.

But light nowe doune, my lady faire,

Light down and hold my steed,

130

While I and this discourteous knighte

Do try this arduous deede.

XXXIV.

Fair Emmeline fighd, fair Emmeline weept,

And aye her heart was woe;

While twixt her love and the carlish knight,

135

Past many a baleful blow.

XXXV. The

XXXV.

The Child of Elle he fought foe well,
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,
 That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
 And layd him upon the playne. 14

XXXVI.

And now the baron and all his men
 Full fast approached nye,
 Ah what maye ladye Enmeline doe?
 'Twere now no boote to flye.

XXXVII.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth, 145
 And blew both loud and shrill,
 And soone he sawe his owne merry men
 Come ryding over the hill.

XXXVIII.

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron,
 I pray thee hold thy hand; 150
 Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts
 Fast knit in true love's band.

XXXIX.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,
 Full long and many a day,
 But with such love as holy kirke 155
 Hath freelye said wee may.

XL. O give

XL.

O give consent she may be mine,
 And blesse a faithful paire;
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lynage faire. 160

XLI.

My mother she was an erle's daughter,
 And a noble knight my fire ——
 The baron he frownde, and turn'd away,
 With mickle dole and ire.

XLII.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept, 165
 And did all trembling stand;
 At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
 And held his lifted hand.

XLIII.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
 This faire yong knight and mee, 170
 Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
 I never had fled from thee.

XLIV.

Oft have you calld your Emmaline,
 Your darling and your joye;
 O let not then your harsh resolves 175
 Your Emmaline destroye.

XLV. The

XLV.

The baron he stroakd his dark broun cheeke,
And turnd his heade asyde,
To wipe awaye the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde. 180

XLVI.

In deep revolving thought he stooode,
And mus'd a little space;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

XLVII.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd;
And gave her lillye hand:
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land. 185

XLVIII.

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
In dayes of youthful pride,
Do thou the injury repayre
In fondness for thy bride. 190

XLIX.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine;
And now my blessing wend wi' thee
My lovely Emmeline. 195

V. G I L D E R O Y.

I.
GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon;

His stockings were of filken foy,
 Wi garters hanging down.

It was, I ween, a comelie fight
 To see sae trim a boy:

He was my joy, and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

II.

O sic twa charming een he had!

Breath sweet as ony rose:

He never ware a highland plaid,

But costly filken clothes.

He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,

Nane eer to him was coy:

Ah wae is me, I mourn the day

For my dear Gilderoy.

III. My

III.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae toun together ;
 We scant were seven years beforn
 We gan to luv' ilk ither : 20
 Our dadies and our mamies thay
 Were fill'd wi mikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

IV.

For Gilderoy, that luv' of mine 25
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding fark of Holland fine,
 Wi dainty ruffles wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring
 Which I receiv'd wi joy : 30
 Nae lad nor lassie eer could fing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

V.

Wi mickle joy we spent our prime
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsame time 35
 Among the leaves sae green :
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kifs and toy ;
 While he wi garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy. 40

VI.

Oh that he still had been content
 Wi me to lead his life !
 But, ah, his manfu heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife.
 And he in many a venturous deed 45
 His courage bauld wad try ;
 And now this gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

VII.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee : 50
 I gied him sic a parting luik !
 ‘ My benifon gang wi thee !
 ‘ God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,
 ‘ For ganè is all my joy ;
 ‘ My heart is rent, fith we maun part, 55
 ‘ My handsome Gilderoy.’

VIII.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near
 Was fear’d in every toun ;
 And bauldly bare awa the geir,
 Of mony a lawland loun. 60
 For man to man durst meet him nane,
 He was fae brave a boy ;
 At length wi numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

IX.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws 65
 To hang a man for gear ;
 To reave of life for sic a cause
 As stealing horse or mair !
 Had not their laws been made sae strick
 I neer had lost my joy ; 70
 Wi sorrow neer had wat my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

X.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He mought hae banishit been ;——
 Ah what fair cruelty is this, 75
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flower o Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy :——
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 86

XI.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 Wi irons his limbs they strung ;
 To Edinborow led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85
 He was sae bauld a boy ;
 Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

XII.

Sune as he yielded up his breath

I bare his corse away,

Wi tears, that trickled for his death,

I wafh'd his comelie clay;

And fiker in a grave right deep

I laid the dear lued boy:

And now for ever I maun weep,

My winsome Gilderoy.

90

95

VI.

I.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate;
 And vow but they sang sweetly!
 Our lady came down the music to hear,
 They sang fae very completely.

II.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a her maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her weil-fared face,
 They coost the glamer our her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie;
 For, if kith and kin and a had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

IV.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

V.

Oh come to your bed, says Johnie Fa,
Oh come to your bed my dearie;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
Your lord shall nae mair come near ye. 20

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johnie Fa,
I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
My lord shall nae mair come near me.

VII.

And when our lord came hame at een 25
And speird for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the ither reply'd,
She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.

VIII.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready; 30
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae and seek my fair lady.

IX.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Of courage stout and steady;
And we were a put down, but ane, 35
For a fair young wanton lady.

VII. THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

I.

THE knight stands in the stable door
 As he was bownd to ride;
 Whan out thair comes his fair lady,
 And him desires to bide.

II.

“How can I bide, how dare I bide, 5
 “How can I bide wi thee?
 “Have I not kill’d thy ae brother?
 “Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

III.

‘If thou hast kill’d my ae brother,
 ‘Alas and wae is me! 20
 ‘But if I save thee from the paine,
 ‘My luve’s the mair to thee.’

IV.

She has taen him to her secret bower,
 Steik’d wi a filler-pin;
 And she’s up to the highest tower, 15
 To watch that nane come in.

F 3

V. She

V.

She had nae weil gane up the stair,
 And entered in the tower,
 When four and twenty armed knights
 Came riding to the door.

20

VI.

' Now God you save, my fair lady,
 ' Declare to me I pray,
 ' Did you not see a wounded knight
 ' Come riding by this way?

VII.

" Yes bloody bloody was his sword,
 " And bloody were his hands ;
 " But, if the steed he rides be good,
 " He's past fair Scotland's strands."

25

VIII.

Then she's gane to her darksome bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 He deem'd he heard his angry faes,
 And wounded her fou deep.

30

IX.

' What harm my lord provokes thine ire,
 ' To wreak itself on me ?
 ' Have I not sav'd thy life frae faes,
 ' And sav'd for sic a fee !'

35

X. " Now

X.

“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 “ O live but half an hour ;
 “ There’s neer a leech in all Scotland
 “ But shall be at thy bower.”

40

XI.

‘ How can I live, how shall I live,
 ‘ How can I live for thee ?
 ‘ While running fast oer a the floor,
 ‘ My heart’s blood thou may’st see !”

VIII. YOUNG WATERS.

I.

ABOUT yule, quhen the wind blew eule,
 And the round tables began,
 There came to wait on our king's court,
 Mony a weil-favour'd man.

II.

The Quein luik'd ovr the castle-wa,
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw young Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

5

III.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind:
 Ane mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

10

IV.

Gowden-graith'd his horse before,
 And filler-shod behind;
 The horse young Waters rode upon
 Was fleetier than the wind.

15

V. Up

V.

Up then spak a wylie lord,
 And to the Queen said he,
 Tell me quha is the fairest face
 Rides in the companie? 20

VI.

I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds,
 And knichts of high degree,
 But a fairer face than young Waters
 Mine een did never see.

VII.

Out then spak the jealous king,
 (An angry man was he,) 25
 "And if he had been twice as fair,
 "You might have excepted me."

VIII.

You're neither lord, nor laird, she says,
 Bot the king that wears the crown; 30
 There's not a knight in fair Scotland,
 Bot to thee maun bow down.

IX.

For a that she could say or do,
 Appeals'd he wad nae be;
 Bot for the words that she had said,
 Young Waters he maun die. 35

X. Sunn

X.

Sune they hae taen young Waters,
Put fetters on his feet ;
Sune they hae taen young Waters,
And thrown in dungeon deep.

40

XI.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill,
That knight fae fair to see ;
And for the words the queen had spak
Young Waters he did die.

IX. SIR HUGH;

OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

I.

THE bonnie boys o merry Lincoln
 War playin at the ba;
 And wi them stude the sweet Sir Hugh,
 The flower amang them a.

II.

He kepped the ba there wi his foot,
 And catchd it wi his knie,
 Till in at the cruel Jew's window
 Wi speid he gard it flie.

III.

' Cast out the ba to me, fair maid,
 ' Cast out the ba to me:—
 " Ye neir fall hae't my bonnie Sir Hugh,
 " Till ye come up to me.

IV.

" Cum up sweet Hugh, cum up dear Hugh
 " Cum up and get the ba;"
 ' I winna cum up, I winna cum up
 ' Without my playferes a.'

V.

And she has gane to her father's garden
 Sae fast as she cold rin ;
 And powd an apple red and white
 To wyle the young thing in.

20

VI.

She wyld him fune throuch ae chamber,
 And wyld him fune throuch twa ;
 And neist they cam to her ain chamber,
 The fairest o them a.

VII.

She has laid him on a dresin board,
 Whar she was usd to dine ;
 And stack a penknife to his heart,
 And dres'd him like a swine.

25

VIII.

She row'd him in a cake o lead,
 And bade him lye and sleip ;
 Syne threw him in the Jew's draw-well,
 Fu fifty fathom deip.

30

IX.

Whan bells were rung, and mafs was sung,
 And ilka lady gaed hame ;
 Than ilka lady had her young son,
 But lady Helen had nane,

35

X.

She row'd her mantel her about,
 And fair fair can she weip;
 She ran wi speid to the Jew's castel,
 When a war fast asleip.

40

XI.

' My bonnie Sir Hugh, your mither calls,
 ' I pray thee to her speik :'
 " O lady rin to the deip draw-well
 " Gin ye your son wad feik."

XII.

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
 And kneel'd upon her knie;
 ' My bonnie Sir Hugh gin ye be here,
 ' I pray ye speik to me ;'

45

XIII.

" The lead is wondrous heavy mither,
 " The well is wondrous deip;
 " A kene penknife sticks in my heart,
 " A word I dounae speik.

50

XIV.

" Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
 " Fetch me my winding sheet;
 " For again in merry Lincoln toun
 " We twa fall never meit."

55

X. FLODDEN FIELD;

OR, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I.

I Have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting eir the break o day ;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

II.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but sicking and fabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

III.

At een in the gloming nae swankies are roaming,
'Mang stacks wi the lasses at bogle to play ;
For ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary ;
The Flowers o the Forest, wha're a wed away.

IV.

In harst at the sheiring na yonkers are jeiring ;
The bansters are lyart, runkled, and gray ;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

V.

O dule for the order sent our lads to the border !
 The English for anes by gyle wan the day.
 The Flowers o the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,
 The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay !

XI. E D W A R D.

I.

W H Y does your brand-fae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand-fae drap with-bluid,
And why fae fad gang ye O!

O I hae killd my hauk fae gude,
Mither, mither:

O I hae killd my hauk fae gude;
And I had nae mair but he, O!

II.

Your haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,
Edward, Edward.

Your haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O!

I hae killd my reid roan steid,
Mither, mither:

O I hae killd my reid roan steid
That erst was fair and frie O!

III.

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Edward, Edward:

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Sum ither dule ye drie, O!

O I hae killd my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:

O I hae killd my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is me O!

IV. What

IV.

What penance will ye drie for that, 25

Edward, Edward?

What penance will ye drie for that,

My deir son, now tell me O!

I'll fet my feet in yonder boat;

Mither, mither: 30

I'll fet my feet in yonder boat;

And I'll fare ower the sea, O!

V.

What will ye do wi touirs and ha,

Edward, Edward?

What will ye do wi touirs and ha, 35

That were fae fair to see, O!

I'll let them stand till they doun fa,

Mither, mither:

I'll let them stand till they doun fa,

For heir I maunae be O! 40

VI.

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,

Edward, Edward?

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,

When ye gang ower the sea O!

The world's room to beg throuch life, 45

Mither, mither:

The world's room to beg throuch life,

For them I neir maun see, O!

VII.

What will ye leive to your mither deir, 50
Edward, Edward?

What will ye leive to your mither deir,
My deir son, now tell me O!

The curse of hell frae me fall ye beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ye beir, 55
Sic counseils ye gied me, O!

XII. SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

THE King sits in Dunfermlin toun,
 Drinking the bluid-red wine :
 “ Whar fall I get a gude failor,
 “ To sail this ship o mine ?”

II.

Than up and spak an eldern knicht,
 Wha fat at his richt knie ;
 ‘ Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor,
 ‘ That fails upon the sea,’

5

III.

The king has written a braid letter,
 And signd it wi his hand ;
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wha walked on the fand.

10

IV.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A leud lauch lauched he ;
 The neist line that Sir Patrick red
 The teir blinded his eie.

15

V.

“ O wha can he be that has don
 “ This deid o ill to me,
 “ To fend me at this time o yeir
 “ To fail upo the sea? ”

20

VI.

“ Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a
 “ Our gude ship fails the morne.”
 ‘ O say na fae, my master deir,
 ‘ For I feir deidly storm.

VII.

‘ I saw the new moon late yestrene,
 ‘ Wi the auld moon in her arm;
 ‘ And I fear, I fear, my master deir,
 ‘ That we will cum to harm.’

25

VIII.

Our Scottish nobles were richt laith
 To weit their shyning shoen;
 But lang or a the play was owr,
 They wat their heids aboon.

30

IX.

O lang lang may their ladies sit
 And luik outowr the sand,
 Or eir they see the bonnie ship
 Cum sailing to the land!

35

X. Mair

X.

Mair than haf owr to Aberdour—

It's fifty fathom deip—

Lyes gude Sir Patrick Spence for aye

Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

40

XIII. LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

op

I.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleip,
It grieves me fair to see thee weip;
If thou'lt be silent I'll be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart full sad;
Balow my boy, thy mither's joy;
Thy father breids me great annoy.

5

II.

Whan he began to seik my luv,
And wi his sucred words to muve;
His feining fause, and flattering cheir,
To me that time did nocht appeir;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

19

III.

Lye still, my darling, sleip a while,
And whan thou wakest sweetly smile;
But smile nae as thy father did
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid,
What yet I feir, that thou fold leir
Thy father's heart and face to beir!

15

IV.

Be still, my sad one; spare those teirs,
To weip whan thou hast wit and yeirs; 20
Thy griefs are gathering to a fum,
God grant thee patience when they cum;
Born to proclaim a mother's shame,
A father's fall, a bastard's name.

Now was he to see Hand,
No warfare did he see;
I had you bring him to me,
He told you him to see.

III.

He was a true knight,
And he was true to the king;
The house of the king,
His right is been a king.

IV.

He was a true knight,
And he was true to the king;
The house of the king,
His right is been a king.

XIV. THE EARL OF MURRAY.

I.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands
O whar hae ye been?

They have slain the Earl of Murray
And laid him on the green!

II.

Now wae be to you Huntly!

‘O wharfore did ye fae?’

‘I bad you bring him wi you;

‘But forbad you him to slay.’

III.

He was a bra galant,

And he rid at the ring;

The bonnie Earl of Murray

He micht ha been a king.

IV.

He was a bra galant,

And he playd at the ba;

The bonnie Earl of Murray

Was the flower among them a.

V. He

V.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the gluve;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
He was the queen's luvè.

20

VI.

O lang will his lady
Look ovr the castle downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum founding throuch the toun!

V.

XV. SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

I.

O Heard ye o Sir James the Rose,
 The young heir o Buleighan?
 For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
 Whase friends are out to tak him.

II.

Now he has gane to the house o Mar,
 Whar nane might feik to find him;
 To see his dear he did repair,
 Weining the wold befreind him.

III.

'Whar are ye gaing, Sir James,' she said,
 'O whar awa are ye riding?'
 "I maun be bound to a foreign land,
 "And now I'm under hiding."

IV.

"Whar fall I gae, whar fall I rin,
 "Whar fall I rin to lay me?
 "For I ha kill'd a gallant squire,
 "And his friends feik to slay me."

V. 'O

V.

‘ O gae ye down to yon laigh house,
 ‘ I fall pay there your lawing;
 ‘ And as I am your leman trew,
 ‘ “ I’ll meet ye at the dawning.” 20

VI.

He turnd him richt and round about
 And rowd him in his brechan:
 And laid him down to tak a sleip,
 In the lawlands o Bulcighan.

VII.

He was nae weil gane out o sicht, 25
 Nor was he past Milstrethen,
 Whan four and twetity belted knights
 Cam riding ovr the Leathen.

VIII.

‘ O ha ye seen Sir James the Rose,
 ‘ The young heir o Buleighan? 30
 ‘ For he has kill’d a gallant squire,
 ‘ And we are sent to tak him.’

IX.

“ Yea, I ha seen Sir James,” she said,
 “ He past by here on Monday;
 “ Gin the steed be swift than he rides on, 35
 “ He’s past the Hichts of Lundie.”

X. But

X.

But as wi speid they rade awa,
 She loudly cryd behind them ;
 “ Gin ye’ll gie me a worthy meid,
 “ I’ll tell ye whar to find him.” 40

XI.

‘ O tell fair maid, and, on our band,
 ‘ Ye’se get his purse and brechan.’
 “ He’s in the bank aboon the mill,
 “ In the lawlands o Buleighan.”

XII.

Than out and spak Sir John the Graham, 45
 “ Wha had the charge a keiping,
 “ It’s neer be said, my stalwart feres,
 “ We killd him whan a sleiping.”

XIII.

They seized his braid sword and his targe,
 And closely him surrounded : 50
 “ O pardon ! mercy ! gentlemen,”
 He then fou loudly founded.

XIV.

‘ Sic as ye gae sic ye fall hae
 ‘ Nae grace we shaw to thee can.’
 “ Donald my man, wait till I fa, 55
 “ And ye fall hae my brechan ;
 “ Ye’ll get my purse thouch fou o gowd
 “ To tak me to Loch Lagan.”

XV.

Syne they tuke out his bleiding heart,
 And set it on a speir ;
 Then tuke it to the house o Mar,
 And shawd it to his deir.

60

XVI.

' We cold nae gie Sir James's purse
 ' We cold nae gie his brechan,
 ' But ye fall ha his bleeding heart
 ' Bot and his bleeding tartan.'

65

XVII.

" Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake
 " My heart is now a breaking,
 " Curs'd be the day, I wrocht thy wae,
 " Thou brave heir of Buleighan !"

70

XVIII.

Then up she raife, and furth she gaes ;
 And, in that hour o tein,
 She wanderd to the dowie glen,
 And nevir mair was fein.

XVI. THE LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

FROM TRADITION.

I.

SHYNING was the painted ha
 Wi gladsum torches bricht ;
 Full twenty gowden dames sat there,
 And ilkane by a knight :
 Wi mufic cheir,
 To please the eir,
 Whan bewtie pleafd the ficht.

II.

Wi cunning skill his gentle meid
 To chant, or warlike fame,
 Ilk damfel to the minstrels gied
 Some favorit chieftan's name :
 " Sing Salton's praise,"
 The lady fays—
 In fuith fhe was to blame.

III.

' By my renown ye wrang me fair,'
 Quoth hautie Woodhoufelie,
 ' To praise that youth o fina report,
 ' And never deim on me :
 ' Whan ilka dame
 ' Her fere cold name,
 ' In a this companie.'

IV. The

IV.

The morn she to her nourice yeed;

“ O meikle do I feir,

“ My lord will slay me, sin yestrene

“ I prais'd my Salton deir !

25

“ I'll hae nae ease,

“ Till Hevin it please,

“ That I lye on my beir.”

V.

‘ Mair wold I lay him on his beir,’

The craftie nourice said ;

‘ My faw gin ye will heid but anes

‘ That fall nae be delaid.’

“ O nourice fay,

“ And, by my fay,

“ Ye fall be weil appaid.”

35

VI.

‘ Take ye this drap o deidly drug

‘ And put it in his cup,

‘ When ye gang ot the gladsum ha,

‘ And fit ye down to sup :

‘ Whan he has gied

40

‘ To bed bot dreid,

‘ He'll never mair rise up.’

VII. And

VII.

And she has tane the deidly drug
 And pat it in his cup,
 Whan they gaed to the gladsum ha, 43
 And fat them down to sup :
 And wi ill speid
 To bed he gied,
 And never mair raife up.

VIII.

The word came to his father auld 50
 Neist day by hour of dyne,
 That Woodhouselie had died yestrene,
 And his dame had held the wyne.
 Quoth he " I vow
 " By Mary now, 55
 " She fall meit sure propine."

IX.

Syne he has flown to our gude king.
 And at his feet him layne ;
 ' O Justice! Justice! royal liege,
 ' My worthy son is flayne. 60
 ' His lady's feid
 ' Has wrocht the deid,
 ' Let her receive the paine.'

X.

Sair muvit was our worthy king,
 And an angry man was he;
 ' Gar bind her to the deidly stake,
 ' And birn her on the lie:
 ' That after her
 ' Na bluidy fere
 ' Her reckless lord, may flee."

65

XI.

" O wae be to ye, nourice,
 " An ill dethe may ye drie!
 " For ye prepar'd the deidly drug
 " That gard my deiry die:
 " May a the paine
 " That I darraine
 " In ill tune, licht on thee!"

75

XII

" O bring to me my gown o black,
 " My mantel, and my pall;
 " And gie five merks to the friars gray
 " To pray for my poor faul:
 " And ilka dame,
 " O gentle name,
 " Bewar o my fair fall."

80

XVII. LORD, LIVINGSTON.

FROM TRADITION.

I.

‘**G**RAITH my swiftest steid,’ said Livingston;
 ‘But nane of ye gae wi me;
 ‘For I maun awa by mysel alane
 ‘To the foot of the grenewode tree.

II.

Up spak his dame wi meikle speid. 5
 ‘My lord I red ye bide;
 ‘I dreimd a dreiry dreim last night:
 ‘Nae gude fall you betide.”

III.

‘What freit is this, my lady deir,
 ‘That wald my will gainstand? 10
 ‘I dreimd that I gaed to my bouir dore,
 ‘And a deid man tuke my hand.”

IV.

‘Suith dreims are scant,’ said the proud baron,
 And leuch wi jearing glie;
 ‘But for this sweit kifs my winsum dame 15
 ‘Neist time dreim better o me.”

V. ‘For

V.

‘ For I hecht to meit with lord Rothmar,
 ‘ To chafe the fallow deer;
 ‘ And speid we weil, by the our o nune,
 ‘ We fall return bot feir.’

VI.

Frae his fair lady’s sicht he strave
 His ettling fae to hide;
 But frae the grenewode he came nae back,
 Sin eir that deidly tide.

VII.

For Rothmar met him there bot fail,
 And bluidy was the strife;
 Lang eir the nunetide mess was rung,
 They baith war twin’d o life.

VIII.

‘ Forgie, forgie me, Livingston!
 ‘ That I lichtly set by your dame;
 ‘ For surely in a the world lives not
 ‘ A lady mair free frae blame.

IX.

‘ Accursed be my lawles luv
 ‘ That wrocht us baith sic tein!’
 ‘ As I forgie my freind anes deir,
 ‘ Sae may I be forgien.

X.

“Thouch ye my counfeil fold ha tane

“The gait of gyle to eschew;

“Yet may my faul receive sic grace

40

“As I now gie to you.”

XI.

The lady in her mournfu bouir

Sat wi richt heavy cheir,

In ilka fough that the laigh wind gied

She weind her deir lord to heir.

XII.

Whan the sun gaed down, and mirk nicht came,

45

O teirfu were her eyne!

“I feir, I feir, it was na for nocht

“My dreims were fae dowie yestrene!”

XIII.

Lang was the nicht, but whan the morn cam,

She said to her menie ilk ane;

50

“Haste, saddle your steids, and feik the gerenewode,

“For I feir my deir lord is slain.”

XIV.

Richt fune they fand their lord and Rothmar

Deid in ilk ither’s arin:

“I guesf my deir lord that luv of my name

55

“Alane brocht thee to sic harm.

XV. ‘Neir

XV.

‘ Neir will I forget thy feimly meid,
 ‘ Nor yet thy gentle luv;e;
 ‘ For fevin lang yeirs my weids of black
 ‘ That I luvd thee as weil fall pruve.’

60

XVIII. BINNORIE.

FROM TRADITION.

To preserve the tone as well as the sense of this Ballad, the burden should be repeated through the whole, though it is here omitted for the sake of conciseness.

THERE were twa sisters liv'd in a bouir;
Binnorie, O Binnorie!

Their father was a baron of pour,
By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.

The youngest was meek, and fair as the May,
Whan she springs in the east wi the gowden day: 5

The eldest austern as the winter cauld,
Ferce was her faul, and her seiming was bauld.

A gallant squire cam sweet Isabel to wooe;

Her sister had naething to luvè I trow; 10

But filld was she wi dolour and ire,

To see that to her the comlie squire

Preferd the debonair Isabel:

Their hevin of luvè of spyte was her hell.

Till ae ein she to her sister can say 15

“Sweit sister cum let us wauk and play.”

They wauked up, and they wauked down,

Sweit sang the birdis in the vallie loun!

WHAN

2 11

Whan

Whan they cam to the roaring lin,
 She drave unweiting Isabel in,
 ' O sister! sister! tak my hand,
 ' And ye fall hae my siver fan;
 ' O sister! sister! tak my middle,
 ' And ye fall hae my gowden girdle.
 Sumtimes she sank, sumtimes she swam,
 Till she cam to the miller's dam:
 The miller's dochter was out that ein,
 And saw her rowing down the streim.
 " O father deir! in your mill dam
 " There is either a lady or a milk white swan!"
 Twa days were gane whan to her deir
 Her wraith at deid of nicht cold apair:
 ' My luvie, my deir, how can ye sleip,
 ' Whan your Isabel lyes in the deep?
 ' My deir, how can ye sleip bot pain,
 ' Whan she by her cruel sister is slain?
 Up raise he sune in frichtfu mude,
 ' Busk ye my meiny and seik the stude.'
 They socht her up and they socht her down,
 And spyd at last her glisterin gown:
 They rais'd her wi richt meikle care;
 Pale was her cheik, and grein was her hair!
 ' Gae, saddle to me my swiftest steid,
 ' Her fere, by my fae, for her dethe fall bleid,
 A page cam riuning out ovr the lie,
 " O bravie tiding I bring!" quoth he,

" My lovely lady is far awa gane,
 " We weit the fairy hae her tane ;
 " Her sister gae'd wood wi' dule and rage,
 " Nocht cold we do her mind to suage. 50
 " O Isabel ! my sister ! " she wold cry,
 " For thee will I weip, for thee will I die ! "
 " Till late yestreene in an elric hour
 " She lap frae aft the hichest tour " —
 " Now sleip she in peace ! " quoth the gallant Squire, 55
 " Her dethe was the maist that I cold require :
 " But I'll main for the my Isabel deir,
 " Binnorie, O Binnorie !
 " Full mony a dreiry dy, bot weir,
 " By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie. 60

XIX. THE DEATH OF MENTEITH.

From TRADITION.

I.

SHRILLY shriek'd the raging wind,
And rudely blew the blast;
Wi' awsum blink, thro' the dark ha,
The speidie lichtning past.

II.

“O hear ye nae, frae mid the loch,
“Arise a deidly grane?
“Sae evir does the spirit warn,
“Whan we sum dethe maun mane.

III.

“I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
“Ye are nae safe wi me:
“What wae wald fill my heart gin ye
“Sold in my castle drie!”

IV.

“Ye neid nae feir, my leman deir,
“I'm ay safe when wi thee;
“And gin I maun nae wi thee live,
“I here wad wish to die.”

V. His

V.

His man cam rining to the ha

Wi wallow cheik belyve :

• Sir John Menteith, your faes are neir,

• And ye maun flie or strive,

20

VI.

“ What count syne leads the cruel knicht ? ”

• Thrie speirmen to your ane :

• I red ye flie, my master deir,

• Wi speid, or ye’ll be slain.”

VII.

“ Tak ye this gown, my deir Sir John,

25

• To hide your shyning mail :

• A boat waits at the hinder port

• Owr the braid loch to fail.”

VIII.

“ O whatten a piteous shriek was yon

• That fough’d upo my eir ? ”

30

• Nae piteous shriek I trow, ladie,

• Bot the rouch blast ye heir.”

IX.

They focht the castle, till the morn,

Whan they were boun’d to gae,

They saw the boat turn’d on the loch,

35

Sir John’s corse on the brae.

XX. LORD AIRTH'S COMPLAINT.

From a MANUSCRIPT.

IF these sad thoughts could be express'd,
 Wharwith my mind is now possess'd,
 My passion micht, disclos'd, have rest,
 My griefs reveal'd micht flie;
 But still that mind which dothe forbere
 To yield a groan, a sigh, or teire,
 May by its prudence, much I fear,
 Encrease it's miserie.

5

II.

My heart which ceases now to plaine,
 To speke it's griefs in mournful straine,
 And by sad accents ease my paine,
 Is stupefied with woe.
 For lesser cares doe murne and crie,
 While greater cares are mute and die;
 As issues run a fountain drie,
 Which stop'd wold overflow.

10

15

III. My

III.

My sighs are fled; no teirs now rin,
 But swell to whelm my soul within,
 How pitieful the case I'm in,

Admire but doe not trie,

29

My crosses I nicht justly pruve,
 Are common forrows far abuve;
 My griefs ay in a circle muve,
 And will doe till I die.

XXI.

From TRADITION.

I.

I WISH I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries
To bear her company.

O would that in her darksome bed
My weary frame to rest were laid
From love and anguish free !

II.

I hear, I hear the welcome sound
Break slowly from the trembling mound

That ever calls on me :

Oh blessed virgin ! could my power
Vye with my wish, this very hour
I'd sleep death's sleep with thee.

III.

A lover's sigh, a lover's tear,
Attended on thy timeless bier :

What more can fate require ?

I hear, I hear the welcome sound—
Yes, I will seek the sacred ground,
And on thy grave expire.

IV.

The worm now tastes that rosy mouth,
 Where glowed, short time, the smiles of youth;
 And in my heart's dear home,
 Her snowey bosom, loves to lye.—
 I hear, I hear the welcome cry!
 I come, my love! I come.

V.

O life begone! thy irksome scene
 Can bring no comfort to my pain:
 Thy scenes my pain recall!
 My joy is grief, my life is dead,
 Since she for whom I lived is fled;
 My love, my hope, my all.

VI.

Take, take me to thy lovely fide,
 Of my lost youth thou only bride!
 O take me to thy tomb!
 I hear, I hear the welcome sound!
 Yes life can fly at sorrow's wound.
 I come, I come, I come.

F R A G M E N T S.

I.

E A R L Douglas then wham nevir knicht
 Had valour mair nae courtesie,
 Is now fair blam'd by a the land
 For lichtlying o his gay ladie.

* * * * *

* Gae little page, and tell my lord,
 ' Gin he will cum and dyne wi me,
 * I'll fet him on a feat o gowd,
 ' And serve him on my bended knie.'

* * * * *

* Now wae betide ye black Fastness,
 ' Bot and an ill deid may ye die!
 * Ye was the first and formost man
 ' Wha pairted my true lord and me.'

* * * * *

II. She

II.

* * * * *

She has called to her her bouir maidens,

She has called them ane by ane :

“ There lyes a deid man in my bouir,

“ I with that he war gane.”

They ha booted him and spurred him,

As he was wont to ryde,

A hunting horn ty'd round his waist,

A sharp sword by his syde.

Then up and spak a bonnie bird,

That fat upo the trie ;

“ What hae ye done wi Earl Richard,

“ Ye was his gay ladie ?”

“ Cum down, cum down, my bonnie bird,

“ And licht upo my hand ;

“ And ye shall hae a cage o gowd,

“ Whar ye hae but the wand.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman !

“ Nae cage o gowd for me ;

“ As ye hae done to Earl Richard,

“ Sae wad ye doe to me.”

* * * * *

III.

See ye the castle's lonelie wa,
That rises in yon yle?
There Angus mourns that eir he did
His fovereign's luve begyle.

* * * * *

' O will ye gae wi me fair maid?
' O will ye gae wi me?
' I'll fet you in a bouir o gowd
' Nae haly cell ye'fe drie.'

" O meikle lever wald I gang
" To bide for ay wi thee,
" Then heid the king my father's will,
" The haly cell to drie.

" Sin I maun nevir see nor speke
" Wi him I luve fae deir,
" Ye are the first man in the land
" I wald cheis for my fere."

* * * * *

IV.

Whar yon cleir burn frae down the loch,
 Rins saftlie to the sea,
 There latelie bath'd in hete o nune
 A squire of valour hie.

He kend nae that the fause mermaid
 There us'd to beik and play,
 Or he had neir gane to the bathe,
 I trow, that dreirie day.

Nae funer had he deft his claiths,
 Nae funer gan to swim,
 Than up she rais'd her bonnie face
 Aboon the glittering streim.

' O comelie youth, gin ye will cum
 ' And be my leman deir,
 ' Ye fall ha pleasance o ilk fort,
 ' Bot any end or feir.

' I'll tak ye to my emraud ha
 ' Wi perles lichted roud ;
 ' Whar ye fall live wi luve and me,
 ' And neir by bale be found.

* * * * *

NOTES.

N O T E S.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

P A R T I.

HARDYKNUTE.] This name is of *Danish* extract, and signifies *Canute the strong*. *Hardy* in the original implies *strong*, not *valiant*; and though used in the latter sense by the English, yet the Scots still take it in its first acceptation. “The names in “Cunningham,” says Sir David Dalrymple, “are all “Saxon, as is the name of the country itself.” *Annals of Scotland, an. 1160, note.* The *Danish* and *Saxon* are both derived from the old *Gothic*, and were so similar, that a person of the one nation might understand one of the other speaking in his proper tongue. From the names and whole tenor of

this poem, I am inclined to think the chief scene is laid in Cunninghamshire; where likewise the *battle of Largs*, supposed to be that so nobly described in the first part, was fought.

Ver. 5. *Britons*.] This was the common name which the Scots gave the English anciently, as may be observed in their old poets; and particularly *Blind Harry*, whose testimony indeed can only be relied on, as to the common language and manners of his time; his *Life of Wallace* being a tissue of the most absurd fables ever mingled.

V. 9. *Hie on a bill, &c.*] This necessary caution in those times, when strength was the only protection from violence, is well painted by a contemporary French bard:

Un chasteau scay sur roche espouvantable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuse,
La vy tyrant feant à haute table,
En grand palais, en sal plantureuse, &c.

D'Alliac, Eveque de Cambray.

V. 12. *Knecht*.] These knights were only military officers attending the earls, barons, &c. as appears from the histories of the middle ages. See Selden, *Tit. Hon. P. II. c. 5*. The name is of Saxon origin, and of remote antiquity, as is proved by the following fragment of a poem on the Spanish expedition of Charles the Great, written at that period:

Sic

*Sie zeflugen ros unde man
Mit ire fcarfen spiezen;
Thie gote mofen an theme plöte binnen uliezen:
Ther fite was under goten knegheten,
Sic kunden wole vochten.*

i. e.

*Occiderunt equos et viros
Acutis fuis haftis;
Deos oportuit fanguine fluere:
Hic mos erat inter nobiles milites,
Poterant optime pugnare.*

*MS. de Bello Car. M. Hifp. apud Keyfler diff. de
Cultu Solis, Freji, & Othini; Halæ, 1728.*

The oath which the ancient knights of Scotland gave at their investiture is preferved in a letter of Drummond of Hawthornden to Ben Jonfon, and is as follows :

*I fhall fortifie and defend the true holy Catholique and
Chriftian Religion, prefently profefled, at all my power.*

*I fhall be loyal and true to my Sovereign Lord the King his
Majefty; and do honour and reverence to all orders of che-
valrie, and to the noble office of arms.*

*I fhall fortifie and defend juftice to the uttermoft of my
power, but feid or favour.*

*I fhall never flie from the King's Majefty my Lord and
Mafter, or his lieutenant, in time of battel or medly with-
difhonour.*

I shall defend my native country from all aliens and strangers at all my power.

I shall maintain and defend the honest adoes and quarrels of all ladies of honour, widows, orphans, and maids of good fame.

I shall do diligence, wherever I hear tell there are any traitors, murderers, rievvers, and masterful theeves and outlaws, that suppress the poor, to bring them to the law at all my power.

I shall maintain and defend the noble and gallant state of chivalrie with horses, harnesses, and other knightly apparel to my power.

I shall be diligent to enquire, and seek to have the knowledge of all points and articles, touching or concerning my duty, contained in the book of chivalry.

All and sundry the premises I oblige me to keep and fulfill. So help me God by my own hand, and by God himself.

A curious account of the rise and progress of knight-hood, and its influence on society, may be found in a learned and ingenious work lately published by Dr. Stuart, intitled, *A view of Society in Europe, or Enquiries concerning the History of Law, Government, and Manners.*

V. 16. *Emergard.*] In the common copies it is Elenor, and indeed in all the recitals I have heard; but in a late edition published with other Scottish songs at Edinburgh, 1776, it is rightly read as here. *Emergard*, or *Ermengarde*, was daughter of the Viscount of Beaumont,

mont, and wife of William the Lyon. She died in 1233. As the name was uncommon, and of difficult pronunciation, the rehearsers seem to have altered it to *Elenor*, which has none of these defects.

The battle of Largs, supposed to be that meant in this poem, was fought on the first of August 1263, so that queen Emergard was dead thirty years before; yet this can amount to no error in chronology, as the verses evidently imply that the lady of Hardyknute *had* no equal in the kingdom for beauty save the queen in the prime of the youth and beauty of both, which might well be forty years, or more, before the period of action in the poem.

V. 25. *Fairly.*] This name seems likewise of Saxon origin. There is a small island and a rivulet in Cunningham still called *Fairly isle* and *Fairly Burn*.

V. 43. *Twenty thousand glittering speirs, &c.*] This agrees with Buchanan's account, *Acbo—viginti millia militum exposuit.* lib. 7. Torfæus asserts this number of the Norwegians was left dead on the field; but upon what authority I know not, as the ancient relations of the battle of Largs support not his testimony. See *Johnstone's Translation of Haco's Expedition to Scotland in the year 1263, from the Plateyan and Frisian MSS.* printed at Copenhagen 1782.

V. 49. *Page*] The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young war-

rriors were first denominated *pages*, then *valets*, or *damoiseaux*, from which degree they reached that of *ecuyer*, or *squire*, and from this that of *knight*. See *Du Cange*, voc. *Valeti*, & *Domicellus*. *St. Palaye*, *Mem. sur l'anc. Cheval. P. I.*

V. 61. *He has tane a born; &c.*] The *horn*, or *bugil*, was anciently used by the Scots instead of the trumpet. They were sometimes richly ornamented, as appears from *Lindsay's* description of that of Sir Robert Cochran. "The horn he wore was adorned with jewels
" and precious stones, and tipped with fine gold at
" both ends." *Hist. of Scotland*, J. III.

V. 88. *Westmoreland's ferce heir.*] *Heir*, in the old Scottish acceptation, seems derived from the Latin *herus*, and signifies not *apparent successor*, but *present lord*. As in the following lines of *Blind Harry*:

Of Southampton he hecht baith heir and lord.

B. 7. c. 1.

Of Glocester the huge lord and heir.

B. 12. c. 1.

And in this of *Dunbar*,

Befoir *Maboun* the heir of hell.

V. 107—112.] This minute description might lead us to suspect, that a female hand had some part in this composition. But, before our minstrel, Homer has shewn himself

himself an adept in the lady's dress. To the curious remarks on the variation of the British habit, given us by Mr. Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and Mr. Granger, in his *Biographical History*, might be added the following notice from a reverend minister of the church of Scotland. "About 1698 the women got a custome of
 "wearing few garments: I myselfe have seen the young
 "brisk ladies walking on the streets with masks on their
 "faces, and with one onlie thin petticoat and their
 "smoak; so thin that one would make a conscience of
 "sweiring they were not naked." *Miscellanies, by Mr. John Bell, minister at Gladsmuir*, MS. pen. Edit. title Apparel.

V. 112. *Save that of Fairly fair.*] Working at the needle, &c. was reckoned an honourable employment by the greatest ladies of those times. Margaret, the queen of Malcolm III. as we learn from her life written by *Turgot* her confessor, employed the leisure hours of her ladies in this manner. See Lord Hales' *Annals of Scotland*, an. 1093.

V. 121. *Sir Knicht.*] "The addition *Sir* to the
 "names of knights was in use before the age of Edward I. and is from *Sire*, which in old French signifies
 "*Seigneur* or Lord. Though applicable to all knights
 "it served properly to distinguish those of the order
 "who were not barons." Dr. Stuart, *View of Society*, &c. Notes on sect. 4. chap. ii. p. 269.

V. 123—128. The custom of the ladies tending the wounded knights was common in those romantic ages. *Lydgate*, whose story is ancient, but whose manners are those of his own times, has an instance in *The Story of Thebes*, part ii. Speaking of the daughter of Lycurgus and Tideus ;

To a chamber she led him up aloft.
 Full well beseine, there in a bed right soft,
 Richly abouten apparrailed
 With clothe of gold, all the floure irailed
 Of the same both in length and brede :
 And first this lady, of her womanhede,
 Her women did bid, as goodly as they can,
 To be attendant unto this wounded man :
 And when he was unarmed to his fhert,
 She made first wash his woundis smert,
 And ferch hem well with divers instruments,
 And made fet fundrie ointments, &c.

And in an excellent piece of old English poetry, styled *Sir Cauline*, published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques*, when the king is informed that knight is sick, he says,

Fetch me down my daughter deere,
 She is a leech full fine. v. 29, 30.

V. 145—152.] This stanza is now first printed. It is surprising it's omission was not marked in the fragment formerly published, as without it the circumstance of the knight's complaint is altogether foreign and vague. The loss was attempted to be glossed over by many variations of the preceding four lines, but the defect was palpable to the most inattentive peruser.

V. 154. *Lord Chattan.*] This is a very ancient and honourable Scottish surname. Some genealogists derive them from the *Chatti*, an ancient German tribe; but others, with more probability, from the *Gilchattan* of Ireland. St. *Chattan* was one of the first Scottish confessors, to whom was dedicated the priory of *Ardchattan* in Lorn, founded in 1230, and some others through the kingdom. The chief of the clan *Chattan* dying in the reign of David I. without male issue, the clan assumed the ancestor of the *M'Phersons* for superior, by which means the name appears to have been lost in that of *M'Pherson*. See *Buchanan's Brief Enquiry into the Genealogy and Present State of Ancient Scottish Surnames*. Glasgow, 1723, 4to, p. 67.

We however find the Clan Chattan mentioned as late as 1590 in *The History of the Feuds and Conflicts of the Clans*, published from a MS. of the reign of James VI. Glasgow, 1764; where a Macintosh is called their chief.

V. 159.] Though we learn from *Buchanan's Equiry*, &c. that the clan *Chattan* are said to have come into Scotland long before the expulsion of the Picts, yet I do not find this pretty anecdote, which is much in the spirit of Homer, has any foundation in history. The empire of the Picts was demolished by Kenneth about four centuries before the apparent date of the events narrated in this poem.

V. 169. *Mak orisons*, &c.] This is perfectly in the style of knighthood. Before they entered into combat they solemnly invoked the aid of God, their Saviour, or their mistress: religion and gallantry being the prime motives of all their adventures. *Les premieres leçons qu'on leur donnoit regardoient principalement l'amour de Dieu et des dames, c'est à dire la religion et la galanterie.* St. Palaye, tome i. p. 7. The poets of these times began, in like manner, the description of a savage conflict, or of their lady's graces, with religious invocation. Many examples of which appear in the *Histoire des Troubadours* of L'Abbé Milot, and the *Specimens of Welsh Poetry* published by Mr. Evans. So blind is the untutored mind to the proper discrimination of it's ideas!

V. 179. *Playand Pibrochs*.] Of the *pibroch* I cannot give a better account than in the words of an excellent author. 'A pibroch is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rythm is so irregular,

‘lar, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, ‘so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds ‘it almost impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to ‘perceive its modulation. Some of these *pibrochs*, being ‘intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into ‘the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; ‘then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; ‘and perhaps close with the wild and flow wailings of ‘a funeral procession.’ *Essays by Dr. Beattie*, 8vo. ed. p. 422. note.

V. 188. *Eir faes their dint motc drie.*] This is substituted in place of a line of consummate nonsense, which has stained all the former editions. Many such are corrected in this impression from comparing different rehearsals, and still more from conjecture. When an ignorant person is desired to repeat a ballad, and is at a loss for the original expression, he naturally supplies it with whatever absurdity first occurs to him, that will form a rime. These the Editor made not the smallest scruple to correct, as he always imagined that common sense might have its use even in emendatory criticism.

V. 203. *But on his forehead, &c.*] The circumstances in this description seem borrowed from those of different battles betwixt the Kings of Scotland and Norway. I find in no historian that Alexander was wounded in the battle of Largs; on the contrary, it is even doubted whether

whether he was present ; but in that near *Nairn* Malcolm II. was wounded on the head. *Rex, accepto in capite vulnere, vix a suis in propinquum nemus ablatu, ac ibi equo positus, mortem evasit.* Buchan. lib. VI.

V. 223. *Hire dames to wail your darling's fall.*] This custom of employing women to mourn for the warriors who fell in battle, may be traced to the most distant antiquity. Lucilius, one of the earliest Roman poets, in a couplet preserved by Nonius, mentions this practice ;

*Mercede quæ conductæ flent alieno in funere præficæ
Multæ & capillos scindunt, & clamant magis.*

Among the Northern nations it partook of their barbarity. ‘ Inter eas autem ceremonias a barbara gente ‘ acceptas fuisse et has, ut genas roderunt mulierculæ, ‘ hoc est unguibus faciem dilaniarent et *lessum* facerent, ‘ id est sanguinem e venis mitterent, doloris testandi ‘ ergo ; id quod Germani patria voce dicunt, *Ein lassu* ‘ *thun oder baben.*’ Elias Schedius *de Diis Germ.* Syng. II. c. 51. A similar mode of testifying their grief for the death of their chiefs, still obtains in the Highlands, as we are informed by Mr. Pennant in his amusing *Tour in Scotland*.

V. 225. *Costly Jute.*] This was the *Sagum*, or military vest of the Gauls and Germans. Dr. Stuart has with curious ingenuity derived the science of Blazonry from the ornaments which were in time added to them. *Ubi supra*, p. 286, 287.

Virgil

Virgil has a passage remarkably similar to this, in describing the habit of the Gauls, I think in *Æneid* VIII.

Aurea cæsaries illis, atque aurea vestis
Virgatis lucet sagulls.

V. 229. *Beir Norfe that gift, &c.*] This has been generally misunderstood: the meaning is, *Bear that gift to the King of Norway, and bid, &c.*

V. 239. 245.] These vaunts are much in Homer's manner, and are finely characteristic. The obscure metaphor which conveys them illustrates a beautiful remark of an ancient critic, That allegory has a sublime effect when applied to threatening. Μεγαλιῶν δὲ τί ἐστὶ καὶ ἡ Ἀλληγορία καὶ μάλισα ἐν ταῖς ἀπειλαῖς· οἷον ὡς ὁ Διονύσιος ὅτι, “οἱ τέτλιγες αὐτοῖς ἄσσονται χάμοθεν. Demet. Phal. de Eloc. c. 99.

V. 265. *Wbar lyke a fyre to bether set.*] This apposite simile alludes to an ancient practice of the Scots, termed *Mure burning*. The progress of the flame was so quick, that many laws appear in their Acts of Parliament, prohibiting its being used when any corn was standing on ground adjacent to the heath intended to be burnt, though at a considerable distance from the spot where the flame was kindled.

V. 285. *Sore taken he was, fey!*] *Fey* here signifies only indeed, *in say*, or, in faith: it is commonly used by the old Scottish poets in a sarcastic or ironical sense.

V. 305.

V. 305. *On Norway's coast, &c.*] These verses are in the finest style of Ballad poetry. They have been well imitated by a modern writer, who seems indebted, for the best strokes of his first production, to a taste for such compositions:

Ye dames of Denmark ! even for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for Lords that never shall return,

Douglas, Act III.

I cannot conclude my observations upon the description here given of the battle, without adding, that though perhaps not the most sublime, it is the most animated and interesting to be found in any poet. It yields not to any in Ossian for lively painting, nor to any in Homer for those little anecdotes and strokes of nature, which are so deservedly admired in that master. ‘Poetry and Rhetoric,’ says the author of an Enquiry into the origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, ‘do not succeed in exact description so well as Painting does; their business is to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.’ Will he forgive me if I offer this rude Scottish Poem as an example sufficiently illustrative of this fine remark?

V. 231.

V. 321. *Loud and chill blew the Westlin wind, &c.*] This storm is artfully raised by the magic of Poetry to heighten the terrible, which is soon carried to a degree not surpassed in any production ancient or modern. It will recall to the reader the like artifice employed in the most sublime passage of *Tasso's Giêrusalemme*, end of Canto 7.; and of *Homer's Iliad*, VIII. ver. 161. of Mr. Pope's Translation.

V. 327. *Seimd now as black as morning weid.*] It was anciently the custom on any mournful event to hang the castle gates with black cloth. This is alluded to here, and more particularly mentioned in an excellent modern Ballad, entitled *The Birth of St. George*, which displays no mean knowledge of the manners of chivalry :

But when he reached his castle gate

His gate was hung with black.

Reliques, Vol. III. p. 222.

HARDYKNUTE. Part II.

I HAVE given the stanzas now added the title of a Second Part, though I had no authority from the recital. The break formerly made here by accident seemed to call for this pause to the reader.

V. 115. *Penants.*] These were small banners charged with the arms of the owner, and sometimes borne over the helm of the ancient knight by his squire, and, as would seem, even that of the prince, Earl, or Chief Baron, by his Baneret. See ver. 331. The English word is *penon*:

And by his banner borne is his *penon*,
Of gold full rich ; in which there was ybete
The minotaure that he wan in Crete,

Says Chaucer speaking of Theseus in *The Knight's Tale*.

V. 252. *Draffan's touirs.*] The ruins of Draffan-castle are in Lanarkshire.—They stand upon a vast rock hanging over the *Nethan* (see v. 329.) which a little below runs into the *Clyde*. From this a house situated very nigh the ruins is called *Craignethan*. This castle is so ancient, that the country people there say it was built by the *Pechts*, which is their common way of expressing the *Picts*.

V. 273.

V. 273. *His halbrik.*] This term for a coat of mail occurs in *Blind Harry*. It was properly used for one composed of small rings of steel which yielded to every motion of the warrior, and was the same with the *lorica hamata* of the Romans, so picturesquely described by Claudian:

Conjuncta per artem
Flexilis inductis hamatur lamina membris,
Horribilis visu, credas simulacra moveri
Ferreæ, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.

In Rufin. Lib. II.

V. 275. *Securit by a warloc auld, &c.*] The belief that certain charms might secure the possessor from danger in combat was common in dark ages. ‘I know a song, by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect,’ says *Odin* in his *Magic*. *Northern Antiq. Vol. II. p. 217.* Among the Longobards they were forbidden by a positive Law. ‘Nullus Campio adversus alterum pugnaturus audeat super se habere *herbas nec res ad maleficiâ pertinentes*, nisi tantum corona sua, quæ conveniunt. Et si suspicio fuerit quod eas occulte habeat, inquiretur per Judicem, et si inventæ fuerunt, rejiciantur. Post quam inquisitionem, extendet manum suam ipse in manu Patrini aut Colliberti sui, ante judicem, dicens, se nullam rem talem super se habere, deinde ad certamen prodeat’ *LL. Longob. apud L. Germ. f. Basil. Herald.* A similar notion obtained even in England,

as appears from the oath taken in the Judicial Combat.

‘ A. de B. ye shall sweare that ye have no *stone of virtue*,
 ‘ nor *hearb of virtue*, nor *charme*, nor *experiment*, nor none
 ‘ othir *enchantment* by you nor for you, whereby ye trust
 ‘ the better to overcome C. de D. your *adversarie*, that shall
 ‘ come agens you within these lists in his defence, nor
 ‘ that ye trust in none othir thyng properly bot in
 ‘ God, and your body, and your brave quarell. So God
 ‘ you help and all halowes, and the holy gospels.’ *Apud*
Dugdale, Orig. Juridic. & Miscell. Aulica, Lond. 1702.
p. 166. And we find in a most acute and ingenious
 treatise on the point of honour, written in the middle of
 the sixteenth century, that this precaution was esteemed
 necessary so late as that period. *Il Duello del Mutio Jus-*
tinopolitano, In Vineg. 1566. lib. II. c. 9. De i maleficii
et incante. ‘ Et non senza ragione i moderni Padrini
 ‘ fanno spogliare i cavallieri, che hanno da entrare in
 ‘ battaglia, et iscuotere, et diligentemente effaminare
 ‘ i loro panni, &c.’ Many instances occur in the ac-
 counts of the civil wars of France, and of the Nether-
 lands: and more particularly in the very curious story
 of *Gowrie’s Conspiracy*, published by James VI. at *Edin-*
burgh, 1600, 4to. ‘ His Majesty having before his
 ‘ parting out of that towne, caused to search the sayde
 ‘ Earle of Gowries pockets, in case any letters that
 ‘ might further the discovery of that conspiracie might
 ‘ be founde therein. But nothing was found in them,
 ‘ but a little close parchment bag full of magical
 ‘ characters,

‘ characters, and wordes of enchantment, wherein it
 ‘ seemed that hee had put his confidence, thinking him-
 ‘ self never safe without them, and therefore ever car-
 ‘ ried them about with him ; being also observed, that
 ‘ while they were upon him, his wound, whereof he
 ‘ died, bled not ; but incontinent, after the taking of
 ‘ them away, the blood gushed out in great abundance,
 ‘ to the great admiration of all the beholders.’ See
 likewise *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland*, by David
 Meyses, Edin. 1755. where this piece is reprinted *ver-*
batim. Maister William Rynd, a servant of Lord Gowrie’s,
 deposition in the same volume, p. 297, has singular
 anecdotes with regard to these *characters*.

V. 276. Fairy *charm*.] The word *fairy* seemes to have
 been accepted by the ancient English and Scottish poets
 for *supernatural*, or *enchanted*. So Chaucer speaking of
Cambuscan’s horse,

It was of fairie, as the peple femed.

Squires Tale, p. 1.

V. 362.] It was the priviledge of the knights to hide
 their faces with armour, so that it was impossible to
 distinguish any one from another, except by his *blazon*,
 which seems at first to have been displayed over them,
 but came at length to be painted on their shields,
 whence *Coats of Arms*. A *villain* was obliged to have his
 countenance uncovered in battle. This circumstance
 attended to will save our wonder at Hardyknute’s not

knowing Draffan in the First Part, and Draffan's not perceiving Malcolm here till his spear tore off his visor: though Rothsay knows Draffan either from his wearing a *blazon* on his armour, or from his face being uncovered in order to breathe from the combat.

V. 389. *Cbeir ye my mirrie men, &c.*] It should have been remarked on the first appearance of this word, P. I. v. 199, that *mirrie* was anciently used in a very different sense from its present. It signified *honest, true, faithful*, but no where *jovial*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie* MS. *pen. Edit.* 'Surelie the difference vulgar put betwixt thame is verrie *mirrie*, and in a manner *trév*.' p. 10. And again in p. 18. 'Many *honest* and *mirrie* men.' In like manner Merlin's Prophecies are styled '*Mirrie words*,' in that of Beid. *Proph. of Rymer, &c.*

V. 413. *Ob King of Hevin!*] This is a common appellation of the Deity with the more ancient Scottish Poets. *By Hevins King*, is the familiar oath of *Blind Harrie's* heroes.

V. 419. *By my Forbere's saul.*] Swearing by the souls of their ancestors was another used mode in those times. The greatest thought this oath most strong and honourable; probably because it implied the souls of their forefathers were in heaven, and, as was then believed, might lend them a supernatural aid, if the intention of their oath was just and unblameable.

V. 421. '*Now mind your aith,*' &c.] This passage is obscure: the meaning I apprehend is, that Draffan had,

had, before the combat, exacted an oath of Allan his baneret, that he would slay him, should the necessity of his affairs demand this sacrifice. More willing to lose his own life than possibly to take that of his great antagonist, he commands Allan to fulfil his engagement, which, with all the heroic faith of those times, he does without a pause. The particular expression ‘*The shynand*’ ‘blade’ might lead us to imagine, that it was thought impossible to pierce the supposed enchanted armour, but with one particular weapon, likewise perhaps *charmed*.

V. 437. *Icolm.*] The Nunnery at Icolm, or Icolmkill, was one of the most noted in Scotland. The Nuns were of the order of *Augustine*, and wore a white gown, and above it a rocket of fine linen. *Spotiswood’s Account of the Religious Houses in Scotland*, p. 509. The ruins of this nunnery are still to be seen, with many tombs of the Princesses; one of which bears the year 1000. *Martin’s Western Islands*, p. 262.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without wasting one on the story of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it as mentioned in Dr. Percy’s introductory note, is highly probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the press, have had a worse fate. But that she was the author of this capital composition, so fraught with science of ancient manners as the above notes testify, I will no more credit, than that the common people in Lanarkshire,

who can repeat scraps of both the parts, are the authors of the passages they rehearse. That she did not refuse the name of being the original composer is a strange argument: would not the first poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof must ever be wanting, I suspect, if we assign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we shall not greatly err; though at the same time the language must convince us that many strokes have been bestowed by modern hands.

Since the first publication of this volume, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hales, whose abilities have been so often, and so successfully, exerted in illustrating the antiquities of his country, to the law and the literature of which he is so great an ornament, has communicated to the Editor some notices with regard to this poem of Hardyknute, which shall here be laid before the reader, almost in his own words.

The following are extracts of a letter written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to Lord Binning, about the year 1719.

‘To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of
 ‘the manuscript I found, some weeks ago, in a vault
 ‘at Dunferline. It is written on vellum in a fair
 ‘Gothic character; but so much defaced by time, as
 ‘you’ll find that the tenth part is not legible.’

Sir John transcribes some stanzas, which he calls *verses*. After l. 112, P. I. he says, 'here are four *verses* defaced,' and then he transcribes l. 113.

At l. 128 he adds, *hiatus in MS.* and then he transcribes l. 153. At l. 320 he says, 'Here are ten verses (stanzas) so spoilt that I can only guess by the many proper names, that they contain the order of battle of the Scots army, as they stood ranged under their different chieftains.'

In conclusion Sir John says, 'there's a vast deal more of it, but all defaced.'

The reader is left to judge whether this story of the manuscript on vellum, &c. has most the appearance of a true narrative, or of a *jeu d'esprit* addressed to a familiar friend.

Lord Hales has a copy of the original edition of Hardyknute, with MS. alterations, in the hand writing of Dr. John Clerk, Physician in Edinburgh. At l. 85, it has '*brade* Thomas;' Sir John Bruce has '*bred* Malcolm.' At l. 98, Sir John Bruce's MS. has 'Walter' instead of 'Malcolm.' At l. 103, 'brazen' for 'silver;' and at l. 104, 'iron doors,' for 'painted bowers.'

In Dr. Clerk's MS. lines, 176—180 run thus;

To join his king adown the hill,
In hast his strides he bent;
While minstrels playand pibrochs fine,
Afore him stately went.

In Dr. Clerk's MS. the stanza *On Norway's coast, &c.* comes in after the stanza *There on a lee* with much propriety: that reading is therefore followed in this edition.

At l. 337. for 'owr' the MS. has 'oy'.

The last line in the MS. was originally,

He feared a coud be feared;

but has been changed into that which occurs in later editions.

CHILD MAURICE.

THIS is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad, though corrupted into Gil Morrice by the nurses and old women, from whose mouths it was originally published. *Cbild* seems to have been of equal importance with *Damoiseau* (See note on P. I. v. 49. of Hardyknute) and applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen. It occurs in Shakespeare's *Lear*, in the following line, probably borrowed from some old romance or ballad,

Child Roland to the dark tower came.

Act III. S. 7.

And

And in Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Topas*, *Child* is evidently used to denote a young and noble knight. Many instances might likewise be brought from Spenser for this signification.

Gil Morrice is only the northern pronunciation of the true name of this ballad: *Gil* about Aberdeen, &c. still signifies *Child*, as it does in Galic; witness the name *Gilchrist*, the child of Christ, &c.

V. 52. *He bent his bow.*] Archery was enjoined the Scottish warrior at a very early age, as appears from many special laws to that effect, and particularly the following one of James I. 'Item, That all men busk
' them to be Archeres fra they be *twelve yeir of age*,
' and that in ilk ten pundis worthe of lande their be
' maid bowmarkis, and specialle neir to Paroche kirkis,
' quhairin upon haly daies men may cum, and at the
' leist schutte thrise about, and have usage of archerie:
' and quha sa ufis not the said archerie, the Laird of
' the lande fall raise of him a wedder; and giff the
' Laird raises not the said payne, the King's schireffe or
' his ministers, shall raise it to the King.' *Parl. I.*
§ 18.

V. 95. *mazer.*] This word is perhaps the same with *mazer*, as used by the English poets,

A mighty mazer bowl of wine was set.

Spenser, *F. Q.* II. 12. 49.

A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,

Spenser's Calendar, August.

So golden mazer wont suspicion breed

Of deadly hemlocks poison'd potion :

says Hall in the prologue to his admirable Satires. *Ezar cup* will then mean a large bowl of any material.

V. 107, 8. *O what means a the folk coming? My mother tarries lang.*] This stroke of nature is delicate. It paints the very thought of youth and innocence. In such happy *tenuity* of phrase, this exquisite composition is only rivalled by the *Merope* of *Maffei*, the most finished Tragedy in the world. Some lines fancifully interpolated by a modern and very inferior hand are here omitted.

V. 122. *And flaided ovr the strae.*] The meaning is, *He went hastily over the rank grass.*

V. 144. *As the hip is o the stean.*] This would appear the corruption of some nurse; but taking it as it stands, the simile, though none of the most delicate, has a parallel in the Father of English Poetry :

But he was chaste and no lechoure

And sweet as is the bramble floure

That beareth the red hip.

Chaucer, *Sir Topas*.

A D A M O G O R D O N.

THE genuine subject of this Ballad has long remained in obscurity, though it must have been noted to every peruser of *Crawford's Memoirs*.

‘ But to return to Gordon,’ (*viz.* Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the Earl of Huntly) ‘ as these two actions against Forbes, or, to speak more properly, against the rebels, gained him a vast reputation—his next exploit was attended with an equal portion of infamy; and he was as much decryed for this unlucky action (though at the same time he had no immediate hand in the matter) as for his former ones he had been applauded. He had sent one *Captain Ker* with a party of foot to summon the Castle of *Towie* in the Queen’s name. The owner *Alexander Forbes* was not then at home, and his lady confiding too much in her sex, not only refused to surrender, but gave *Ker* very injurious language; upon which, unreasonably transported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the castle, and barbarously burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman with her whole family, amounting to thirty-seven persons. Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt.’

An. 1571. p. 240. edit. 1706.

In

In this narrative is immediately perceived every leading circumstance in the Ballad. The *Captain Car*, by which name it was distinguished in Dr. Percy's Manuscript, is evidently the *Ker* of Crawford. The House of *Rodes* I have corrected, according to the truth of story, *Towie*. Of which name, I find in *Gordon of Straloch's* map of Aberdeenshire, there were two gentlemen's seats, or castles, in his time, one upon the *Don*, and another upon the *Yiban*. The nearest seat to the latter is that of *Rothy*, which from wrong information may have originally stood in the Ballad, the mistake rising naturally from the vicinity of their situation, and from this have been corrupted to *Rodes*. The courage of this lady, as represented in the Ballad, was equalled by that of the famous Countess of Salisbury, at the siege of Roxborough; and of Ladies Arundel and Banks, in the last civil wars of England. See particularly the *Mercurius Rusticus*, &c. Lond. 1647. Sections V. and XI.

V. 129. *Freits*.] This word signifies *ill omens*; and sometimes as here *Accidents supernaturally unlucky*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie*, MS. pen. Edit. B. I. ch. III. p. 13. 'But I pray you forget not likewise
'to tell what are the Devill's rudimentis. E. His rudimentis I call first in generall all that quhilk is called
'vulgairlie the vertu of woode, herbe, and staine;
'quhilk is used by unlawfull charmis without naturall
'causis. As lykeways all kynd of prattiques, *freitis*, or
'*utber*

‘ *utber lyk extraordinair actions, quibilk cannot abyde the trew
‘ twiche of naturall raison.*’ It occurs again in the same
sense in *p. 14. marg. note*; and in *p. 41.* speaking of
Sorcerers. ‘ And in generall that naime was gevin
‘ thaim for using of sic chairmis and *freitis*, as that
‘ craft teachis thame.’

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

THIS ballad is admitted into this collection, as
being supposed, from many minute marks, to
be a Scottish ballad in an English dress. *Whan* for *when*,
kirk for *church*, &c. are some of these marks.

Though it is published by Dr. Percy, and of conse-
quence in every body’s hands; yet it was necessary to
give it here, else this digest of such Scottish tragic bal-
lads as deserve preservation could not have been called
complete.

VI.

John Faw was king of the gypsies in Scotland in the
reign of James IV. who, about the year 1495, issued a
proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist John
Faw in seizing and securing fugitive gypsies; and that
they should lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c.
for that purpose: charging the lieges, that none of
them molest, vex, unquiet, or trouble the said Faw
and

and his company in doing their *lawful business* within the realm; and in their passing, remaining, or going forth of the same, under penalty: and charging skippers, masters of ships, and mariners, within the realm, at all ports and havens, to receive said John and his company, upon their expences, for furthering them furth of the realm to parts beyond sea. See *Mr. Mac-laurin's Remarkable Cases*, &c. p. 774.

V. 8. *Glamour.*] The *glamour* was believed to be a kind of magical mist raised by forcerers, which deluded their spectators with visions of things which had no real existence, altered the appearance of these which really did exist, &c. The Eastern nations have a similar superstition, as we may learn from Mr. Galland's *Mille et un nuit*, and other translations of works of Oriental fiction.

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

is composed of two copies, one published by Dr. Percy, the other in a collection of Scottish Songs, &c. *Edin.* 1776. The *Mirryland town* of the former, and *Mirry Linkin* of the latter, evidently shew that the noted story of Hugh of Lincoln is here expressed.

FLODDEN

F L O D D E N F I E L D.

THE stanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquisite Dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composition. But it is the painful, though most necessary duty of an Editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity.

S I R P A T R I C K S P E N C E

is given from Dr. Percy's Edition, which indeed agrees with the stall copies, and the common recitals. I have, however, lent it a few corrections, where palpable absurdity seemed to require them. The phrase in v. 25. of seeing the old moon *in the arms* of the new is still familiar in Scotland. It means that the opaque part of the moon's disk casts a glimmering light, while the illuminated part is waxing; and is to this hour esteemed to prognosticate a storm.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

THESE four stanzas appeared to the Editor to be all that are genuine in this elegy. Many additional ones are to be found in the common copies, which are rejected as of meaner execution. In a quarto manuscript in the Editor's possession, containing a collection of Poems by different hands from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, when it was apparently written (pp. 132.) there are two *Balows* as they are there styled, the first *The Balow, Allan*, the second *Palmer's Balow*; this last is that commonly called Lady Bothwell's Lament, and the three first stanzas in this edition are taken from it, as is the last from *Allan's Balow*. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's Edition, and several stanzas of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing ancient Scottish poems.

 EARL OF MURRAY.

V. last. *Toun*.] This word is often used in Scotland to denote only, perhaps, a farm-house and office-houses, or a number of hovels scattered here and there; and on which the English would not bestow the name of a village.

A very eminent Scottish antiquary informs me, that in Saxon *ton* signifies an habitation: and that *castle downe* in the last stanza of this ballad ought to be read *Castle Downe*, the seat of Lord Murray in his own right.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE

is given from a modern edition in one sheet 12mo. after the old copy. A renovation of this Ballad, composed of new and improbable circumstances, decked out with scraps of tragedies, may be found in the Annual Register for 1774, and other collections. *Rose* is an ancient and honourable name in Scotland: *Johannes de Rose* is a witness to the famous Charter of *Robert II.* testifying his marriage with *Elizabetb More*, as appears in the rare edition of it printed at Paris, 1695, 4to. p. 15.

V. 27. *Belted Knights.*] The *belt* was one of the chief marks which distinguished the ancient knight. *To be girt with the belt of knighthood* often implied the whole attending ceremonies which constituted that order. That of the common knight was of white leather.

LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

THIS Ballad is now first published. Whether it has any real foundation, the Editor cannot be positive, though it is very likely. There is a *Woodhouselie* nigh Edinburgh, which may possibly be that here meant.

LORD LIVINGSTON

was probably an ancestor of Livingston Earl of Linlithgow, attainted in 1715. This affecting piece likewise, with the four following, now appears for the first time.

V. 13. *Swath dreims are scant*] This seems a proverbial expression: King James in his *Dæmonologie*, ‘That
‘is a *swath dream* (as they say) sence thay see it walking.’
MS. p. 100.

B I N N O R I E.

V. 32. *Her wraith.*] ‘And what meanis then these
‘kyndis of spreitis when they appeare in the shaddow
‘of a personne newlie dead, or to die, to his friend?
‘E. When thay appeare upon that occasion, they are
‘called *wraithis* in our langage.’ *Ib.* p. 81.

The following larger extract relating to the Fairies, another creation of superstition, is given by way of specimen of this singular MS. Book III. Ch. 5.

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T.

‘ The description of the fourth kynde of Spreitis.
 ‘ called the *Pbarie*. What is possible therein, and what
 ‘ is but illusions. Whow far this dialogne entreates of
 ‘ all thir thingis: and to what ende.’

‘ *P.* Now I pray you come on to that fourt kynd of
 ‘ spreittis. *E.* That fourt kynde of Spreitis, quhilk be
 ‘ the gentiles was called Diana and her wandring court,
 ‘ and amongs us was called the *Pbarie* (as I tolde you)
 ‘ or our guid neighbouris’ (the King has added on the
 ‘ margin ‘ or fillie wightis’) ‘ was one of the fortis of
 ‘ allusions that was ryfist in tyme of Papistrie; for all-
 ‘ though it was holdin odious to prophesie be the devill,
 ‘ yet whome these kynd of spreittis caried away, and
 ‘ informed, thay wer thought to be fonciest, and of
 ‘ best lyfe. To speak of the manie vaine trallis foundit
 ‘ upon that illusion; how thair was ane king and queine
 ‘ of *Pbarie*, of sic a jolie court and traine as thay had;
 ‘ how thay had a teind and a dewtie, as it wer, of all
 ‘ guidis: how thay naturallie raid and yeid, eat and
 ‘ drank, and did all other actions lykè naturall men
 ‘ and wemen; I think it is lyker *Virgilis Campi Elisei*,
 ‘ nor any thing that aught to be beleived be Chris-
 ‘ tianis.’

This Manuscript is written in a beautiful Italic hand,
 so nearly resembling copper-plate engraving, as to have
 been taken for such even after accurate examination.
 It is bound in gilded vellum, stamped with the King’s
 cypher beneath the crown; and is in all probability the

original copy of this royal monument of superstition. Many additions are inserted on the margin, as would seem, of the hand-writing of James VI. and some notes for his own private use. As for instance on *B. II. ch. 1.* speaking of the Magicians of his time, over against the words 'Thay are sume of thame riche and worldlie wyse,' he has noted *F. M.* 'sum of tham fat or corpulent in their bodies,' *R. G.* 'and maist pairt of thame altogethir gevin ouer to the pleasours of the flesche,' *B. N.*

We need not wonder at the severity with which the imaginary crime of withcraft was punished in his reign, when we remark his sentiment expressed on this head, in *B. III. ch. 6.* of this singular tract. '*P.* Then to make ane ende of our conference sence I see it drawis leatt, what forme of punishment think ye merites thir Magiciens and Witches? For I see that ye account thame to be all alyke giltie. *E. (The King.)* *Thay aught to be put to deathe,* according to the law of God, the civill and imperiall law, and the municipal law of all Christiane nations. *P.* But what kynde of death I pray you? *E.* It is commonly used be fyre, but that is ane indifferent thing to be used in every countrey according to the law or custume thairof. *P.* *But aught no sexe, aage, nor rank, to be eximied?* *E.* **NONE AT ALL.'**

The language of this pedantic Monarch is particular; it is that of a Scottish school-boy beginning to read English.

In the printed copies the style is much altered and improved. It was printed at Edinburgh, and reprinted at London in the same year, 1603, 4to.

LORD AIRTH'S COMPLAINT.

THESE verses, though somewhat uncouth, are moving, as they seem to flow from the heart. They are now first published from the Editor's quarto Manuscript, p. 16. corrected in some lines, which appeared too inaccurate for the publick eye. Two entire stanzas are rejected from the same cause. I know nothing of the nobleman to whom they are ascribed.

In the same Manuscript (p. 17. and 116) are to be found the two following Poems, which I believe have never been in print. They are here added, with a few corrections. They were both written by Sir Robert Aytoun, who bore some office under government in the reign of James VI. if I mistake not. His Latin poems are in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*.

S O N N E T.

WILT thou, remorseless fair, still laugh while I
lament?

Shall still thy chief contentment be to see me malcontent?

Shall I, Narcissus like, a flying shadow chase?

Or, like Pygmalion, love a stone crown'd with a winning
face?

No, know my blind Love now shall follow Reason's eyes;
And as thy fairness made me fond, thy temper make me
wise.

My loyalty disdains to love a loveless dame,

The spirit still of Cupid's fire consists in mutual flame.

Hadst thou but given one look, or hadst thou given one
smile,

Or hadst thou lent but one poor sigh my sorrows to beguile,

My captive Thoughts perchance had been redeem'd from
Pain,

And these my mutinous Discontents made friends with
Hope again.

But thou I know at length art careless of my good;

And wouldst ambitiously embrew thy beauty in my blood:

A great disgrace to thee, to me a monstrous wrong,

Which time may teach thee to repent ere haply it be
long:

But to prevent thy shame, and to abridge my woe,

Because thou canst not love thy friend, I'll cease to love
my foe.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHAT means this strangeness now of late,
Since Time must Truth approve?
This distance may consist with state,
It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
That may such ways allow:
The first is base, the last unjust;
Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
There needs not half this art:
And if you mean to have me gone,
You over-act your part

If kindness crosses your wish'd content,
Dismiss me with a frown;
I'll give you all the love that's spent,
The rest shall be my own.

F R A G M E N T S.

The two first of these are given from a Collection, Edinburgh, 1776, but polished by the present Editor; the two others from recital.

G L O S S A R Y.

A

Ablins, *perhaps*.
 Aboon, *above*.
 Ae, *ane, one*.
 Aff, *off*.
 Aft, *oft*.
 Aith, *oath*.
 Ain, *own*.
 Alse, *except*.
 Anes, *once*.
 Auld, *old*.
 Austerne, *stern*.
 Ayont, *beyond*.

B

Ba, *ball, tennis*.
 Baird, *beard*.
 Baith, *both*.
 Bairn, *child*.
 Bale, *misery*.
 Balow, *busb*.
 Band, *solemn oath*.
 Base-court, *bas court, French*,
the lower court of a castle.
 Bafnet, *helmet*.
 Begyle, *beguile*.
 Beitraught, *distracted*.
 Bansters, *blusterers*.
 Beik, *bask*.

Belyve, *immediately*.
 Belprent, *covered*.
 Betide, *n. fortune*.
 Bedeen, *presently*.
 Bleise, *blaze*.
 Bleirit, *dim with tears*.
 Blink, *glimpse of light*.
 Blinking, *twinkling*.
 Blude, *blood*.
 Blythsum, *sprightly*.
 Boughts, *sheepfolds*.
 Boist, *boast*.
 Bonny, *pretty*.
 Botand, *likeways*.
 Bown, *make ready*.
 Bogle, *hobgoblin*.
 Bot, *without*.
 Bouir, *a room arched in the*
Gothic manner.
 Bouirwoman, *chamber-maid*.
 Bra, *bravely dressed*.
 Brae, *side of a hill*.
 Braid, *broad*.
 Brand, *Isl. a sword*.
 Brawe, *brave*.
 Brayd, *hasten*.
 Bruik, *enjoy*.
 Brin, *burn*.
 Brig,

Brig, *bridge*.
 Busk, *prepare*.
 Brechan, *plaid; cloke striped*
with various colours.

C

Cauld, *cold*.
 Cauldriſ, *chill, damp*.
 Canny, *prudent*.
 Cheis, *chuse*.
 Claught, *grasped*.
 Cliding, *wardrobe*.

D

Daffin, *waggery*.
 Dar'd, *lighted, bit*.
 Darrain, *suffer, encounter*.
 Deft, *taken off hastily*.
 Dint, *blow, stroke*.
 Dawning, *dawn of day*.
 Dought, *could*.
 Doughty, *valiant, strong*.
 Dowie, *dreadful, melancholy*.
 Drie, *suffer, endure*.
 Dule, *grief*.

E

Eard, *earth*.
 Eild, *eld, old age*.
 Eine, *eyes*.
 Eithly, *easily*.
 Eydent, *dyding, afflicting*.
 Elrie, *dismal*.
 Eldern, *ancient, venerable*.
 Egre, *eager, keen, sharp*.
 Eilray, *affright*.

Emraud, *Emerald*.
 Ettle, *aim*.

F

Fae, *fee*.
 Fay, *faith, sincerity*.
 Fere, *companion*.
 Ferly, *wonder*.
 Feid, *enmity*.
 Fey, *in sooth*.
 Flinders, *spinters*.
 Fleeching, *flattering*.
 Forbere, *forefather, ancestor*.
 Forbode, *denial*.
 Frae, *fro, from*.
 Frawart, *froward*.

G

Ga, *gae, gang, go*.
 Gabbing, *prattle*.
 Gait, *way, path*.
 Gar, *cause*.
 Gie, *give*.
 Gin, *gif, if*.
 Glaive, *sword*.
 Gleit, *glittered*.
 Glic, *mirth*. In H. P. II.
 120. it seems to signify a
faint light.
 Glent, *glanced*.
 Glist, *glistered*.
 Gloming, *dusk*.
 Glowr, *glare, dismal light*.
 Grein, *desire*.
 Greit, *weep*.

Graith,

Graith, *deeds, v. and n.*
 Gouffy, *busy.*
 Grie, *prize, victory.*
 Gude, *good.*
 Gurly, *bitter, cold; applied*
to weather.
 Gyle, *guile.*
 Gyfe, *manner, fashion.*

H

Harst, *harvest.*
 Hauld, *hold, abode.*
 Hain, *spare, save.*
 Hap, *cover.*
 Hecht, *promised.*
 Hip, *the berry of the wild*
rose.
 Hyt, *frantic.*
 Hynd, *hence.*

I

Jimp, *delicate, slender.*
 Ilk, *ilka; each.*
 Irie, *terrible.*

K

Kaming, *combing.*
 Kin, *kindred.*
 Kyth, *v. to show or make*
appear.
 Kyth, *n. acquaintance,*
friends, companions.

L

Laigh, *low.*
 Lane, *alone.*

Lap, *leaped.*
 Law, *low.*
 Lave, *the rest.*
 Leil, *true, faithful.*
 Leir, *learn.*

Leglen, *a milking pail.*
 Leman, *lover, mistress.*
 Leugh, *laughed.*
 Lawing, *reckoning.*

Lever, *rather.*
 Leech, *physician.*
 Lift, *the firmament.*
 Lig, *lye scatteredly.*
 Liltin, *merry making with*
music, &c.

Lio, *a fall of water.*
 Linkis, *lamps or other artifi-*
cial lights.

Loaning, *a common green near*
a village.

Loch, *lake.*

Low, *v. and n. flame.*

Lown, *sheltered, calm.*

Lout, *to bow.*

Lue, *love.*

Lure, *cunning device, snare.*

Lyart, *hoary.*

M

Makless, *matchless.*

Maun, *must.*

Mair, *more, f. rather.*

Mahoun, *Mahomet, and by*
abuse the devil.

Mane, *moan, lament.*

Meikle, *much.*

Meiny,

Meiny, *train, army.*
 Menſe, *to measure, to try.*
 Mede, *reward.*
 Meid, *port, appearance.*
 Meite, *soften, mollify.*
 Mirk, *dark.*
 Mony, *many.*
 Mote, *might.*

N

Na, nae, *no, none.*
 Neit, *next*
 Norſe, *often the King of*
Norway, ſo France is often
uſed by Shakiſpere for the
king of that country.

O

On caſe, *perhaps.*
 Ony, *any.*
 Or, *f. ere, before, f. elſe.*
 Owr, *Over.*
 Outowr, *Over above.*
 Orifon, *Fr. prayer.*

P

Pall, *robe of ſtate.*
 Payne, *penalty.*
 Perle, *pearl.*
 Pleaſance, *pleaſure.*
 Pou, *pull.*
 Pratique, *experiment.*
 Preals, *to preſs, to paſs with*
difficulty.
 Prime of day, *dawn.*

Prive, *pruve, prove.*
 Propine, *reward.*

Q

Qu, *is uſed in old Scotiſh*
ſpelling for W. as Quhat,
What, &c.
 Quat, *quitted.*
 Quell, *ſubdue.*

R

Raught, *recht, reached.*
 Recule, *recoil.*
 Rede, *warn.*
 Reiking, *ſmoking.*
 Rief, *robbery.*
 Riever, *robber,*
 Reid, *red.*
 Roun, *ſound ſoftly, whisper.*
 Rue, *repent.*
 Ruth, *pity.*
 Rude, *croſs.*
 Runkled, *wrinkled.*

S

Sark, *ſhirt.*
 Saw, *a wiſe ſaying.*
 Sawman, *counſellor.*
 Sabbing, *ſobbing.*
 Scant, *ſcarce.*
 Scorning (*Flod. v. 5.*) *jeſting*
ironically.
 Sey, *eſſay, try.*
 Seen, *to ſee.*
 Seim, *appearance.*

Selcouth,

Selcouth, *uncommon as a prodigy.*

Share, *to cleave, pierce.*

Sic, *such.*

Sindle, *seldom.*

Skaith, *hurt.*

Slaid, *to move speedily.*

Slee, *v. slay.*

Sen, *seeing.*

Sin, *sith, since.*

Soncie, *lucky.*

Stalwarth, *stout, valiant.*

Steik, *to shut.*

Sleuth, *sloth.*

Strecht, *stretched.*

Swankies, *merry fellows.*

Swaird, *turf, grassy ground.*

Swith, *quickly.*

Steid, *estate.*

Spent, *drew.*

Splent, *armour for the thighs and legs.*

Speir, *ask.*

Stoup, *pillar.*

Sucred, *sugared.*

Syre, *lord.*

T

Tane, *taken.*

Targe, *shield.*

Tein, *sorrow.*

Teind, *tyth, tenth part.*

Thilk, *thir, these.*

Thole, *suffer, permit.*

Thud, *sudden noise.*

Tide, *time, season.*

Tint, *lost.*

Triest, *make an assignation.*

Twin'd, *parted, separated.*

V U

Veir, *avoid, or perhaps alter.*

Unmusit, *without wonder; to muse often means to wonder in Shakspeare.*

Unfonlie, *unlucky.*

W

Waddin, *strong, firm.*

Wad, wald, wold; *would.*

Warloc, *wizard.*

Wallow, *withered, and fig. pale.*

Ward, *sentinel.*

Wate, *warrant.*

Wax, *to spread, to become famous.*

Wee, *little.*

Weit, *wet, rain.*

Wete, *hope.*

Westlin, *western.*

Wae worth ye, *woe befall you.*

War, *aware.*

Whilk, *which.*

Wighty, *strong.*

Wicht, *from Wiga Sax. a hero, or great man.*

Winsum, *agreeable, winning.*

Whyle, *until.*

Weir,

Weir, *war.*

Weily, *full of whirlpools;*

a weil is still used for a

whirlpool in the west of Yestreen, *the evening of*
Scotland. *yesterday.*

Wraith, *a spirit or ghost.*

Wyte, *blame.*

Wreak, *revenge.*

Wreken, *avenged.*

Wreuch, *grief, misery.*

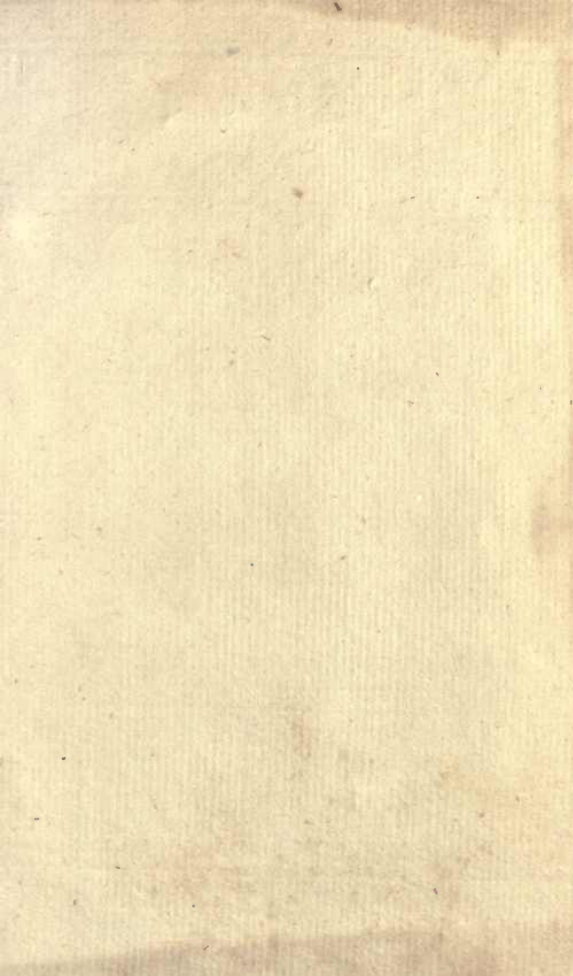
Y

Yet, *gate,*

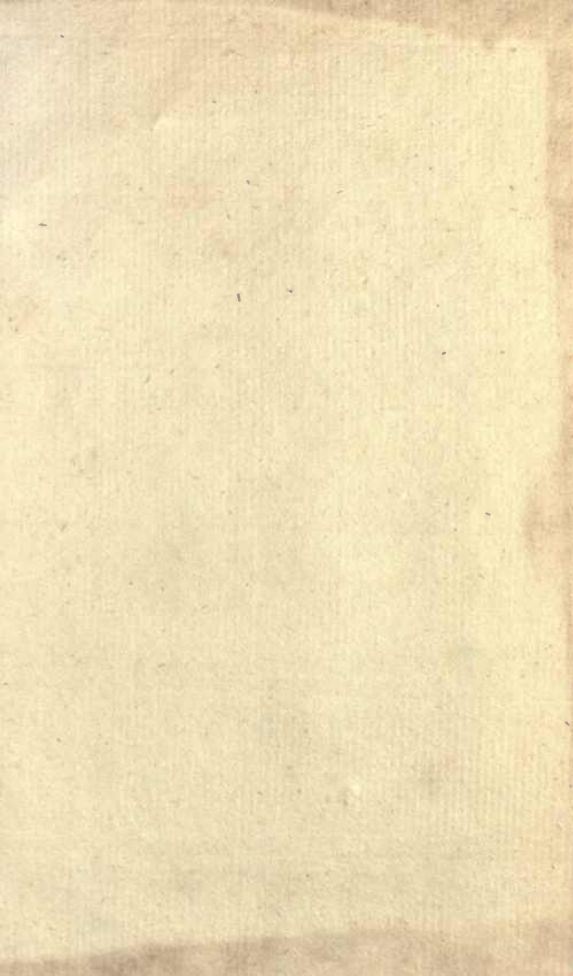
Yied, *went.*

Youthheid, *state of youth,*

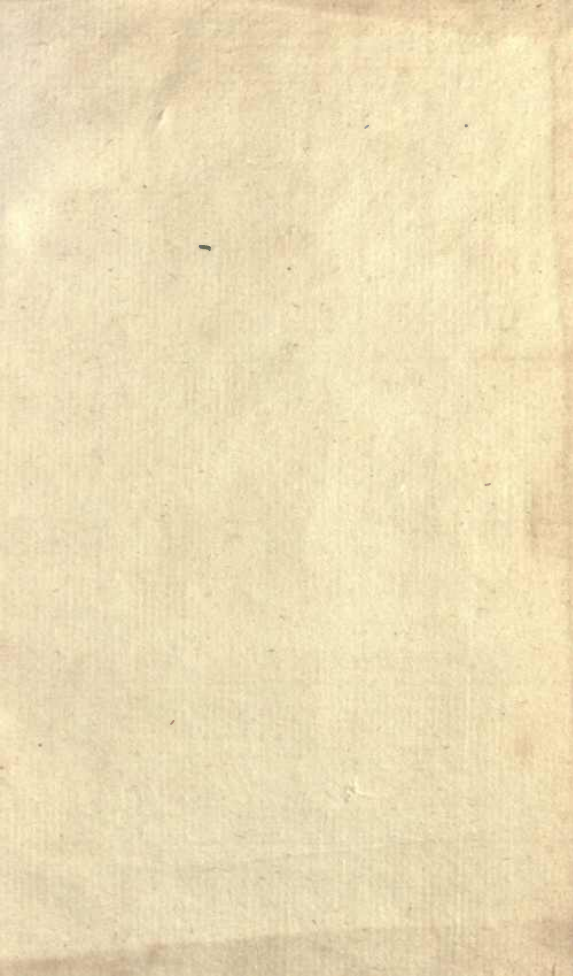
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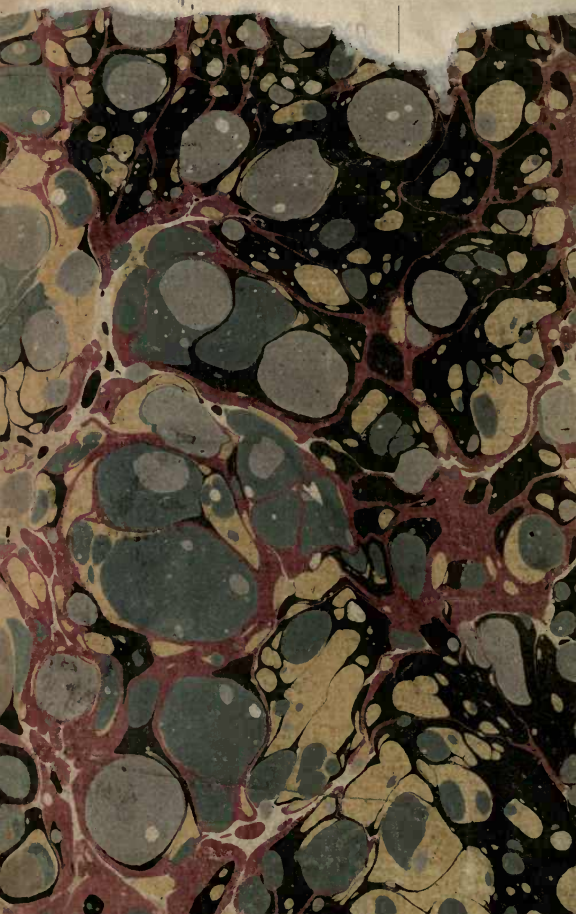








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